

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

FAST falls the October rain, and dull and leaden  
Stretch the low skies without one line of blue ;  
And up the desolate streets, with sobs that deaden  
The rolling wheels, the winds come rolling too.

Faster than rain fall tear-drops—bells are toll-  
ing ;  
The dark sky suits the melancholy heart ;  
From the church-organs awfully is rolling  
Down the draped fanes the Requiem of Mo-  
zart.

O tears, beyond control of half a nation,  
O powerful music, what have ye to say ?  
Why take men up so deep a lamentation ?  
What prince and great man hath there fallen  
to-day ?

Only an old Archbishop, growing whiter  
Year after year, his stature, proud and tall,  
Palsied and bowed as by his heavy mitre ;  
Only an old Archbishop—that is all !

Only the hands that held with feeble shiver  
The marvellous pen—by others outstretched  
o'er

The children's heads—are folded now forever  
In an eternal quiet—nothing more !

No martyr he o'er fire and sword victorious,  
No saint in silent rapture kneeling on ;  
No mighty orator with voice so glorious,  
That thousands sigh when that sweet sound is  
gone.

Yet in Heaven's great cathedral, peradventure,  
There are crowns rich above the rest, with  
green

Places of joy peculiar where *they* enter,  
Whose fires and swords no eye hath ever seen.

They who have known the truth, the truth have  
spoken,

With few to understand and few to praise,  
Casting their bread on waters, half heart-broken,  
For men to find it after many days.

And better far than eloquence—that golden  
And spungled juggler, dear to thoughtless  
youth—

The luminous style through which there is be-  
holden

The honest beauty of the face of Truth.

And better than his loftiness of station,  
His power of logic, or his pen of gold,  
The half-unwilling homage of a nation  
Of fierce extremes to one who seemed so cold.

The purity by private ends unblotted,  
The love that slowly came with time and tears,  
The honorable age, the life unspotted,  
That are not measured merely by their years.

And better far than flowers that blow and per-  
ish

Some sunny week, the roots deep-laid in mould  
Of quickening thoughts, which long blue sum-  
mers cherish,  
Long after he who planted them is cold.

Yea, there be saints, who are not like the painted  
And haloed figures fixed upon the pane,  
Not outwardly and visibly ensainted,  
But hiding deep the light which they contain.

The rugged gentleness, the wit whose glory  
Flashed like a sword because its edge was keen,  
The fine antithesis, the flowing story,  
Beneath such things the sainthood is not seen ;

Till in the hours when the wan hand is lifted  
To take the bread and wine, through all the  
mist

Of mortal weariness our eyes are gifted  
To see a quiet radiance caught from Christ ;

Till from the pillow of the thinker, lying  
In weakness, comes the teaching then best  
taught,

That the true crown for any soul in dying  
Is Christ, not genius, and is faith, not thought.

O wondrous lights of death, the great unveiler,  
Lights that come out above the shadowy place,  
Just as the night that makes our small world  
paler

Shows us the star-sown amplitudes of space !

O strange discovery, land that knows no bound-  
ing,

Isles far off hailed, bright seas without a breath,  
What time the white sail of the soul is rounding  
The misty cape—the promontory Death !

Rest then, O martyr, passed through anguish  
mortal,

Rest then, O saint, sublimely free from doubt,  
Rest then, O patient thinker, o'er the portal,  
Where there is peace for brave hearts wearied  
out.

O long unrecognized, thy love too loving,  
Too wise thy wisdom, and thy truth too free !  
As on the teachers after truth are moving  
They may look backward with deep thanks to  
thee.

What measure shall there be to Ireland's weep-  
ing ?

What are her best ones to so dear a head,  
But clouds their faint light after sunset keeping,  
But ivy living when the oak is dead ?

By his dear Master's holiness made holy,  
All lights of hope upon that forehead broad,  
Ye mourning thousands, quit the minster slowly,  
And leave the great Archbishop with his God.

W. A.

— *Spectator*.

From The Spectator, 17 Oct.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

THE late Archbishop of Dublin was, if we compare him with his equals in position and his fellow-laborers in the church, not only a very conspicuous, but a very remarkable man, full of manly ability, intellectual acuteness, pertinent learning, didactic gifts, and honest convictions. There was, and is still, on the episcopal Bench certainly one, and probably more than one, superior to him in learning and cultivated judgment; one or two who were more than his match in eloquence and diplomatic skill; and there have been several with greater abilities as ecclesiastical statesmen and administrators of church property and influence. But it would be difficult, taking all his qualifications together, to name his superior in liberal feeling, practical learning, didactic zeal, and hearty, if somewhat utilitarian, piety. And yet there is some sense of dissonance in connecting his intellectual character with his actual work in life. We habitually think of his prompt and somewhat abrupt intelligence, his sententious criticism, his keen logic, his contemptuous sense, his skilful argumentative strategy, as better suited to the press than the pulpit. The clean-cut reasoning of his "Cautions for the Times" would have moulded into admirable "leaders" in a religious newspaper, neither going back too deep into general principles nor ignoring them too much; and his adroit and neatly fitted illustrations would have rendered them as striking to the public as they would have been ingenious to thinkers. His power of condensing the impressive points of a case was little less remarkable than Paley's. His tact in preparing his readers for intellectual disappointment, in making them feel that all the fault of it lay in their own foolish and extravagant expectations, till at last he had browbeaten them into gratitude for any fragments of intellectual satisfaction he had reserved, was, at least, as great as the old Archdeacon of Carlisle's. All those—and they must be many—who have as children learned their "easy lessons" from the archbishop's manuals, must have experienced the sensation of being held as in a vice between his sharp alternatives and clearly pointed dilemmas,—not without a vague hope that "when they were big" they might, perhaps, discover some way to throw off the intellectual yoke. The keen humor and strong judg-

ment shown in others of Dr. Whately's works were, like all these qualities, even better suited to the press than the pulpit: and, on the other hand, the archbishop seems to us to have been somewhat out of place in bearing witness, to the natural and intellectual world, of the supernatural and spiritual.

Not, indeed, that there were many of his right reverend or most reverend brethren who seemed better qualified for this duty. Few bishops in any communion seem half as well fitted for representing the supernatural world to the natural as they do for the converse duty, if such a duty there were, of representing the natural and visible world in the court of the invisible and supernatural. Who does not feel how much more admirably Cardinal Wiseman could plead the case of mundane ideas to the supra-mundane, than he seems, to the eyes of strangers at least, to succeed in his spiritual embassy to this world? Who would not trust the Bishop of Exeter better to explain the wise complexities of ecclesiastical law to the astonished saints than to teach saintliness to ecclesiastics? If we except such men as Fenelon, Berkeley, Butler, Heber, and their successors to the number of, perhaps at most, two or three bishops in a generation, it might always be said that the Bench of Bishops would be one of the best delegations we could possibly send to explain the views of the respectable conservative opulence of this world to the saintly radicalism of those who are absolutely "not of this world." But the late Archbishop of Dublin was not of this type. He was not at all a worldly man, though he was by no means of the order of the Fenelons, or Butlers. Yet valuable as was his archiepiscopal service in Ireland, especially in the work of education, we cannot help thinking of "a square peg in a round hole" when we first read his manifold, acute, and ingenious writings, and then think of his position at the head of a missionary clergy in a country of alien faith. That he was absolutely free from bigotry, indeed, and devoted to the cause of liberal education, was no slight recommendation. But that he had in him any spiritual fire capable of communicating itself to those not of his own faith,—any yearning of heart after the poor sheep scattered abroad, either shepherdless or perhaps sometimes worse than shepherdless, over that unfortunate island, it would not be easy to maintain. Even this would have gone

without remark in some of his brethren, whose characters, at once formal and formless,—naturally shapeless, shaped only by circumstances,—would not seem *more* out of place here than there,—being in place nowhere. But Dr. Whately's character was strong and strongly marked. We feel there was some niche in the nation that was above all others fitted for it. We do not feel that that niche was the head of a church, especially a missionary church.

And yet Dr. Whately's interests were always centred in what are usually called the *moral* sciences, that is, the sciences concerning themselves with man as man, not with nature—the metaphysical, logical, social, and political sciences. And these, one would think, if traced to their roots, would lead a deep thinker into the confines between the divine and the human. Dr. Whately, however, though a strong, was *not* a deep thinker. He had an Aristotelian pleasure in classifying accurately, a Baconian pleasure in bringing these classifications to bear shrewdly on the business of life, a Paleyan pleasure in economizing divine power by creating round the Christian faith the most formidable of *earth-works*, and resting thereon its impregnability against ordinary scepticism; but in the archbishop's intellect, scarcely less than in Aristotle's, there was a great gulf fixed between the moral sciences and their ultimate supernatural assumptions. The former were as much as possible arranged so as to look complete in themselves, and disguise the necessity for a final spring across a chasm to which there was no bridge. His treatise on "Logic," so neat in appearance, has all the effect of fitting on to the intellect a suit of ready-made clothes; and many is the student who has wondered where it grew from, and how the mind had managed to "secrete" it all,—points on which the archbishop throws no single ray of light. His political discussions always fill you with fresh surprise, that Church and State, defined as he defines them, should have had any root at all in human society, or that their actual roots should ever be capable of bearing the very different graft which he proposes to graft upon them. And his theology is more remarkable for warning you off any attempt to know God, than for teaching you that highest of sciences. Like Mr. Mansel in more recent years, Dr. Whately long ago taught us in the note to his "Logic"

on the word "Person," that "to require explanation of what God is in himself, is to attempt what is beyond the reach of the human faculties," and foreign to the apparent design of Scripture revelation; which seems to be chiefly, if not wholly, to declare to us . . . with a view to our practical benefit, and to the influencing of our feelings and conduct, *not so much the intrinsic nature of the Deity, as what he is relatively to us;*" in other words, that theology is a delusion, the only purpose of revelation being to produce an effect on human feelings,—which effect, by the way, would fail to be produced, if it were admitted from the beginning that revelation is not the removal of a veil from God, but the beneficent tuning of human thoughts and nerves. We may say of Dr. Whately's theology as Dr. Newman wrote in "Loss and Gain" of one of his fictitious characters, meant probably for a cross between Dr. Whately and Dr. Hampden,—"*The Rev. Dr. Brownside, the new Dean of Nottingham, some time Huntingdonian Professor of Divinity, and one of the acutest, if not the soundest academical thinker of the day;*"—"Revelation to him, instead of being the abyss of God's counsels, with its dim outlines and broad shadows, was a flat sunny plain, laid out with straight, macadamized roads. Not, of course, that he denied the divine incomprehensibility itself with certain heretics of old; but he maintained that in Revelation all that was mysterious had been left out, and nothing given us except what was practical and directly concerned us." So far from denying God's incomprehensibility, Dr. Whately strenuously maintains it as a reason for addressing ourselves, not to the apprehension of Him, but to the mastery of a few clearly defined intellectual postures which are the best pleasing to Him.

Dr. Whately's greatest powers were never shown, as it seems to us, as an archbishop at all. His cleverest books were his little satirical treatises mocking the German school of criticism,—his wisest and best, we think, his shrewd comments on, and illustrations of, the wisdom of Bacon. The "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," and "Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America," are masterpieces of ingenuity and of a certain kind of intellectual humor. They do not prove quite so much as their author, perhaps, supposed. They only do



prove that it is exceedingly easy to pick out unanswerable objections even to a true history, if that history be related in the brief, matter-of-fact form of annals, like many of the books of the Old Testament. But if we look at these little books not as justifications of every doubtful history, but as warnings against the rash spirit of the "higher criticism," they are certainly complete. For instance, we need only give the opening of the second *jeu d'esprit*,—in which it will be seen at once that the history of the French Revolution is narrated, the names being all spelt backwards, Niatirb for "Britain," Egroeg for "George," Ecnarf for "France," Sivol for "Louis :"—

"In the days of Egroeg king of Niatirb did Sivol reign over Ecnarf, even as his fathers had reigned before him. The same was a just man and merciful. And the people, even the Ecnarfites, came and stood before Sivol, and said, Behold thy fathers made our yoke very grievous ; now therefore make thou the heavy yoke of thy fathers, which they put upon us, lighter ; and give us statutes and ordinances that be righteous, like unto those of Niatirb, and we will serve thee. And the king did as they required. Then the Ecnarfites laid hands on King Sivol, and slew him, and all his house, and all his great men, as many as they could find. But some fled in ships, and gat them away to Niatirb, and dwelt in Niatirb. And the Ecnarfites said, 'Let us now have no king, neither ruler over us, but let us do every one as seemeth right in his own eyes ; then shall we be free, and we will set free the other nations also.' Then the King of Niatirb, and divers other kings, even the chief among all the rulers of Eporue, made war with one accord against the Ecnarfites, because they had slain the king ; for they said, 'Lest our people also slay us.'"

How happily Dr. Whately comments on this narrative any one who knows him will easily imagine, even if he does not remember. He shows that it is plainly the work of a Niatirbite, written in the design of exalting Niatirb, since it states first that Sivol was a just king, although he ruled "even as his fathers ruled ; next that his fathers had ruled unjustly ; and, lastly, that Sivol, for importing the so-called improvements of the kingdom of Niatirb, was, in fact, put to death by his people. What can be clearer than the inference that the Niatirbite chronicler, contrary to all truth, is obviously glorifying the despotic Niatirbite institutions at the expense

of the more popular and just Ecnarfite institutions ? In this strain of happy irony, full of fresh surprises, Dr. Whately takes off the spirit of the "higher criticism."

But clever as this is, it does not represent the shrewdest and soundest side of the archbishop's mind. His edition of Bacon's "essays," is, we think, clearly his best book,—for his intellect is never so sound as when, taking its stand on the level of another's admitted wisdom, it points out the more modern applications and distinctions which are suggested by the facts of his own social experience. It is impossible to give adequate illustrations, for it is of the very essence of these comments to embody shrewd insulated observations ; but the following is a fair specimen of the sort of remark which abounds everywhere in this series of sagacious notes. It is in the notes on Bacon's essay entitled "Of Wisdom for a Man's Self :"—

"It is worth remarking that there is one point wherein some branches of the law differ from others, and agree with some professions of a totally different class. *Superior ability and professional skill*, in a judge, or a conveyancer, are, if combined with integrity, a *public benefit*. They confer a service on certain individuals, *not at the expense of any others* ; and the death or retirement of a man thus qualified is a loss to the *community*. And the same may be said of a physician, a manufacturer, a navigator, etc., of extraordinary ability. A *pleader*, on the contrary, of powers far above the average, is not, *as such*, serviceable to the public. He obtains wealth and credit for himself and his family : but any special advantage accruing from his superior ability, to those who chance to be his clients, is just so much loss to those he chances to be *opposed to* ; and *which* party is, on each occasion, in the right, must be regarded as an even chance."

There is nothing very striking in this alone ; but observation of this sort is to be found on almost every page, and the number of such remarks shows Dr. Whately's intellect in its strongest light. He had the quickest of eyes for seeing the application of any acute observation to a great number of different practical situations. He gave one the impression of a mind which did not feed on its own convictions, but ranged somewhat restlessly about in search of new distinctions and applications,—a sort of Aristotle-Paley, taking distinctions with cold Aristotelean sharpness, using them as utilitarian ammunition against

doubts or abuses with ready Paleyan dexterity. And even his humor consisted in the unexpected application of such principles as he had deduced from theory to practical life, or the prompt recognition of such facts as he had observed in practical life within the doctrine of a new theory,—as when, in examining some lad, he asked him to decline “cat,” interrupting him when he got to “Vocative—oh cat!” with “Pooh! whoever heard of saying, ‘Oh cat, come to your milk!’”—of course, “Vocative—puss!”

We should be doing Dr. Whately a great wrong if we led our readers to suppose that he had no deep religious feeling and conviction. We believe that his piety was very fervent, though it declined to drink except at a few and rather limited intellectual fountains. He was a hearty friend and a just man, once only betrayed by his dislike to his friend's, Mr. Blanco White's rationalizing

views, and the fear of being publicly identified with them, into an act of injustice to Mr. White's memory and his biographer. He was one of the most disinterested of ecclesiastical rulers—and that not for want of personal motive to befriend his own acquaintances, for though his manner was rough his heart was very tender—those, for instance, who saw him at the ordination of the son of one of his oldest friends reporting how his eyes actually rained tears on the young man's head. In a word, Dr. Whately was a good man of very strong intellect, who combined much of the eighteenth century's theology and philosophy with a warm heart and an acute eye,—not an ideal archbishop, but a shrewd and learned lay-teacher on the Bench,—which is a species of archbishop very superior to the ordinary sacerdotal breed, though, no doubt, inferior to the very highest.

PRINCE POLIGNAC, the lately deceased son-in-law of Mirès, had translated Goethe's “Faust” into French. We subjoin part of Gretchen's “Meine Ruh' ist hin” as a specimen.

“Mon cœur me pèse, adieu, beaux jours,  
Adieu, repos . . . Mon sein palpite . . .  
Hélas! vous fuyez Marguerite,  
Et pour toujours.

“Quand il est loin, douleur amère!  
Tout me semble mort ici bas,  
Toute splendeur serait misère  
Partout où je ne l'aurais pas!

“Je m'agite, je m'inquiète  
Je ne sais pas où j'ai la tête;  
Mon pauvre esprit est tout troublé,  
Mon pauvre cœur est affolé.

“Tout me pèse: mon sein palpite . . .  
Adieu, repos; adieu, beaux jours;  
Hélas! vous fuyez Marguerite,  
Et pour toujours.

“C'est lui que mes yeux, ma pensée  
Cherchent au bord de l'horizon,  
Pour lui que je vais insensée,  
Hors de ma maison!

“Sa démarche puissante,  
Son maintien gracieux,  
Sa bouche souriante,  
Le pouvoir de ses yeux;

“De sa voix éloquente  
Les flots harmonieux,  
Et sa main caressante,  
Et ses baisers délicieux! . . .”

AMERICAN literature is becoming popular in France. Messrs. Lacroix, Verboekhoven and Co.—who have already published translations of Prescott's “Ferdinand and Isabella,” “Philip the Second,” “Don Carlos,” “Charles the Fifth at Yuste,” “The Conquest of Peru,” “Life of Columbus,” and “Essays and Miscellanies,” and of Motley's “History of the United Netherlands” (M. Guizot had previously translated his “History of the Dutch Republic”) and Bancroft's “History of the United States,”—now announce Irving's “Conquest of Granada,” in three volumes, translated by Xavier Eyma; his “Life and Voyages of Columbus,” in three volumes, translated by G. Renson; and Bancroft's “Essays and Miscellanies.”

In a lately published work by Dr. von Gora-cuchi, we find the assertion, founded, it would appear, on well-authenticated facts, that there is no city which can boast of so many aged people as Trieste. Among others, he mentions an old lady of that place born in 1740, who would thus be 123 years of age at this present moment.

SUBSTITUTE FOR SEA BATHING.—Write C, and dash underneath it.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.  
IN LONDON.

SEEKING one's fortune is a very gambling sort of affair. It is leaving so much to chance—trusting so implicitly to what is called "luck," that it makes all individual exertion a merely secondary process—a kind of "auxiliary screw" to aid the gale of Fortune. It was pretty much in this spirit that Tony Butler arrived in London, nor did the aspect of that mighty sea of humanity serve to increase his sense of self-reliance. It was not merely his loneliness that he felt in that great crowd, but it was his utter inutility—his actual worthlessness—to all others. If the gamester's sentiment, to try his luck, was in his heart, it was the spirit of a very poor gambler, who had but one "throw" to risk on fortune; and thus thinking he set out for Downing Street.

If he was somewhat disappointed in the tumble-down ruinous old mass of building which held the state secrets of the empire, he was not the less awe-struck as he found himself at the threshold where the great men who guide empires were accustomed to pass in. With a bold effort he swung back the glass door of the inner hall and found himself in presence of a very well-whiskered, imposing-looking man, who, seated indolently in a deep arm-chair, was busily engaged in reading the *Times*. A glance over the top of the paper was sufficient to assure this great official that it was not necessary to interrupt his perusal of the news on the stranger's account, and so he read on undisturbed.

"I have a letter here for Sir Harry Elphinstone," began Tony; "can I deliver it to him?"

"You can leave it in that rack yonder," said the other, pointing to a glass case attached to the wall.

"But I wish to give it myself—with my own hand."

"Sir Harry comes down to the office at five, and, if your name is down for an audience, will see you after six."

"And if it is not down?"

"He won't see you, that's all." There was an impatience about the last words that implied he had lost his place in the newspaper, and wished to be rid of his interrogator.

"And if I leave my letter here, when shall I call for the answer?" asked Tony, diffidently.

"Any time from this to this day six weeks," said the other, with a wave of the hand to imply that the audience was ended.

"What if I were to try his private residence?" said Tony.

"Eighty-one Park Lane," said the other aloud, while he mumbled over to himself the last line he had read, to recall his thoughts to the passage.

"You advise me, then, to go there?"

"Always cutting down, always slicing off something!" muttered the other, with his eyes on the paper. "For the port-collector of Halli-holohulu three hundred and twenty pounds. Mr. Scrudge moved as amendment that the vote be reduced by the sum of seventy-four pounds eighteen and sevenpence, being the amount of the collector's salary for the period of his absence from his post during the prevalence of the yellow fever on the coast. The honorable member knew a gentleman, whose name he was unwilling to mention publicly, but would have much pleasure in communicating confidentially to any honorable gentleman at either side of the house, who had passed several days at Haacamana, and never was attacked by any form of yellow fever." That was a home thrust, eh?" cried the reader, addressing Tony. "Not such an easy thing to answer old Scrudge there?"

"I'm a poor opinion on such matters," said Tony, with humility; "but pray tell me, if I were to call at Park Lane—"

The remainder of his question was interrupted by the sudden start to his legs of the austere porter, as an effeminate-looking young man, with his hat set on one side, and a glass to his eye, swung wide the door, and walked up to the letter-rack.

"Only these, Willis?" said he, taking some half-dozen letters of various sizes.

"And this, sir," said the porter, handing him Tony's letter; "but the young man thinks he'd like to have it back;" while he added, in a low but very significant tone, "He's going to Park Lane with it himself."

The young gentleman turned round at this, and took a very leisurely survey of the man who contemplated a step of such rare audacity.

"He's from Ireland, Mr. Damer," whispered the porter, with a half-kindly impulse to make an apology for such ignorance.

Mr. Damer smiled faintly, and gave a little

nod, as though to say that the explanation was sufficient, and again turned towards Tony.

"I take it that you know Sir Harry Elphinstone?" asked he.

"I never saw him; but he knew my father very well, and he'll remember my name."

"Knew your father! and in what capacity, may I ask?"

"In what capacity!" repeated Tony, almost fiercely.

"Yes; I mean, as what—on what relations did they stand to each other?"

"As schoolfellows at Westminster, where he fagged to my father; in the Grenadier Guards afterwards, where they served together; and last of all, as correspondents, which they were for many years."

"Ah, yes," sighed the other, as though he had read the whole story, and a very painful story, too, of change of fortune and ruined condition. "But still," continued he, "I'd scarcely advise your going to Park Lane. He don't like it. None of them like it!"

"Don't they?" said Tony, not even vaguely guessing at whose prejudices he was hinting, but feeling bound to say something.

"No, they don't," rejoined Mr. Damer, in a half-confidential way. "There is such a deal of it—fellows who were in the same 'eleven' at Oxford, or widows of tutors, or parties who wrote books—I think they are the worst, but all are bores, immense bores! You want to get something, don't you?"

Tony smiled, as much at the oddity of the question, as in acquiescence.

"I ask," said the other, "because you'll have to come to me; I'm private secretary, and I give away nearly all the office patronage. Come up-stairs;" and with this he led the way up a very dirty staircase to a still dirtier corridor, off which a variety of offices opened, the open doors of which displayed the officials in all forms and attitudes of idleness—some asleep, some reading newspapers, some at luncheon—and two were sparring with boxing-gloves.

"Sir Harry writes the whole night through," said Mr. Damer, "that's the reason these fellows have their own time of it now;" and with this bit of apology he ushered Tony into a small but comfortably furnished room, with a great coal fire in the grate, though the day was a sultry one in autumn.

Mr. Skeffington Damer's first care was to present himself before a looking-glass, and arrange his hair, his whiskers, and his cravat; having done which he told Tony to be seated, and threw himself into a most comfortably padded arm-chair, with a writing-desk appended to one side of it.

"I may as well open your letter. It's not marked private, eh?"

"Not marked private," said Tony, "but it's contents are strictly confidential."

"But it will be in the waste-paper basket to-morrow morning, for all that," said Damer, with a pitying compassion for the other's innocence. "What is it you are looking for—what sort of thing?"

"I scarcely know, because I'm fit for so little; they tell me the colonies, Australia or New Zealand, are the places for fellows like me."

"Don't believe a word of it," cried Damer, energetically. "A man with any 'go' in him can do fifty thousand times better at home. You go some thousand miles away—for what? to crush quartz, or hammer limestone, or pump water, or carry mud in baskets, at a dollar, two dollars, five dollars, if you like, a day, in a country where Dillon, one of our fellows that's under-secretary there, writes me word he paid thirty shillings for a pot of Yarmouth bloaters. It's a rank humbug all that about the colonies—take my word for it!"

"But what is there to be done at home, at least by one like me?"

"Scores of things: go to the Exchange—go in for a rise—go in for a fall. Take Peruvian Twelves—they're splendid—or Montezuman mining scrip. I did a little in Guatemalas last week, and I expect a capital return by next settling-day. If you think all this too gambling, get named Director of a company. There's the patent phosphorus blacking, will give fifty pounds for a respectable chairman; or write a novel, that's the easiest thing in life, and pays wonderfully,—Herd and Dashen give a thousand down, and double the money for each edition; and it's a fellow's own fault if it ain't a success. Then there's patent medicine and scene-painting—any one can paint a scene, all done with a great brush—this fashion; and you get up to fifteen, ay, twenty pounds a week. By the way, are you active?"

"Tolerably so. Why do you ask?" said

Tony, smiling at the impetuous incoherence of the other's talk.

"Just hold up this newspaper—so—not so high—there. Don't move; a very little to the right." So saying, Mr. Damer took three sofa-cushions, and placed them in a line on the floor; and then, taking off his coat and waistcoat, retired to a distant corner of the room. "Be steady, now; don't move," cried he; and then, with a brisk run, he dashed forward, and leaped head-foremost through the extended newspaper, but with so vigorous a spring as to alight on the floor a considerable distance in advance of the cushions, so that he arose with a bump on his forehead, and his nose bleeding.

"Admirably done! splendidly done!" cried Tony, anxious to cover the disaster by a well-timed applause.

"I never got so much as a scratch before," said Damer, as he proceeded to sponge his face. "I've done the clock and the coach-window at the Adelphi, and they all thought it was Salter. I could have five pounds a night and a free benefit. Is it growing black around the eye? I hope it's not growing black around the eye?"

"Let me bathe it for you. By the way, have you any one here could manage to get you a little newly baked dough? That's the boxer's remedy for a bruise. If I knew where to go, I'd fetch it myself."

Damer looked up from his bathing proceedings, and stared at the good-natured readiness of one so willing to oblige as not to think of the ridicule that might attach to his kindness. "My servant will go for it," said he; "just pull that bell, will you, and I'll send him. Is it not strange how I could have done this?" continued he, still bent on explaining away his failure; "what a nose I shall have to-morrow! Eh, what's that? It's Sir Harry's bell ringing away furiously! Was there ever the like of this! The only day he should have come for the last eight months!" The bell now continued to ring violently, and Damer had nothing for it but to huddle on his coat and rush away to answer the summons.

Though not more than ten minutes absent, Tony thought the time very long; in reality, he felt anxious about the poor fellow, and eager to know that his disaster had not led to disgrace.

"Never so much as noticed it," said Damer

—"was so full of other matters. I suspect," added he, in a lower tone—"I suspect we are going out."

"Out where?" asked Tony with simplicity.

"Out of office, out of power," replied the other half testily; then added, in a more conciliatory voice, "I'll tell you why I think so. He began filling up all the things that are vacant. I have just named two colonial secretaries, a chief-justice, an auditor-general, and an inspector of convicts. I thought of that for *you*, and handed him your letter; but before he broke the seal he had filled up the place."

"So, then, he has read the letter?"

"Yes, he read it twice; and when I told him you were here in waiting, he said, 'Tell him not to go; I'll see him.'"

The thought of presenting himself bodily before the great man made Tony feel nervous and uncomfortable; and after a few moments of fidgety uneasiness, he said—"What sort of person is he? What is he like?"

"Well," said Damer, who now stood over a basin, sponging his eye with cold water, "he's shy—very shy—but you'd never guess it; for he has a bold, abrupt sort of way with him; and he constantly answers his own questions, and if the replies displease him, he grows irritable. You've seen men like that?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"Then it's downright impossible to say when he's in good humor with one, for he'll stop short in a laugh and give you such a pull up!"

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Tony.

"I can manage him! They say in the office I'm the only fellow that ever could manage him. There goes his bell—that's for you; wait here, however, till I come back."

Damer hurried away, but was back in a moment, and beckoned to Tony to follow him, which he did in a state of flurry and anxiety that a real peril would never have caused him.

Tony found himself standing in the minister's presence, where he remained for full a couple of minutes before the great man lifted his head and ceased writing. "Sit down," was the first salutation; and as he took a chair, he had time to remark the stern but handsome features of a large man somewhat past the prime of life, and showing in the



lines of his face traces of dissipation as well as of labor.

"Are you the son of Watty Butler?" asked he, as he wheeled his chair from the table and confronted Tony.

"My father's name was Walter, sir," replied Tony, not altogether without resenting this tone of alluding to him.

"Walter! nothing of the kind; nobody ever called him anything but Watty, or Wat Tartar, in the regiment. Poor Watty! you are very like him—not so large—not so tall."

"The same height to a hair, sir."

"Don't tell me; Watty was an inch and half over you, and much broader in the chest. I think I ought to know; he has thrown me scores of times, wrestling, and I suspect it would puzzle you to do it."

Tony's face flushed; he made no answer, but in his heart of hearts he'd like to have had a trial.

Perhaps the great man expected some confirmation of his opinion, or perhaps he had his own doubts about its soundness; but whatever the reason, his voice was more peevish as he said, "I have read your mother's note, but for the life of me I cannot see what it points to. What has become of your father's fortune? he had something surely."

"Yes, sir; he had a younger son's portion, but he risked it in a speculation,—some mines in Canada,—and lost it."

"Ay, and 'dipped' it too by extravagance! There's no need to tell me how he lived; there wasn't so wasteful a fellow in the regiment; he'd have exactly what he pleased, and spend how he liked. And what has it come to? ay, that's what I ask—what has it come to? His wife comes here with this petition,—for it is a petition,—asking—I'll be shot if I know what she asks."

"Then I'll tell you," burst in Tony; "she asks the old brother-officer of her husband—the man who in his letters called himself his brother—to befriend his son, and there's nothing like a petition in the whole of it."

"What! what! what! This is something I'm not accustomed to! You want to make friends, young man, and you must not begin by outraging the very few who might chance to be well disposed towards you."

Tony stood abashed and overwhelmed, his cheeks on fire with shame, but he never uttered a word.

"I have very little patronage," said Sir

Harry, drawing himself up and speaking in a cold, measured tone; "the colonies appoint their own officials, with a very few exceptions. I could make you a bishop or an attorney-general, but I couldn't make you a tide-waiter! What can you do? Do you write a good hand?"

"No, sir; it is legible, that's all."

"And, of course, you know nothing of French or German?"

"A little French; not a word of German, sir."

"I'd be surprised if you did. It is always when a fellow has utterly neglected his education that he comes to a government for a place. The belief apparently is, that the state supports a large institution of incapables, eh?"

"Perhaps there is that impression abroad," said Tony, defiantly.

"Well, sir, the impression, as you phrase it, is unfounded, I can affirm. I have already declared it in the House, that there is not a government in Europe more ably, more honestly, or more zealously served than our own. We may not have the spirit of discipline of the French, or the bureaucracy of the Prussian; but we have a class of officials proud of the departments they administer; and, let me tell you, it's no small matter—very keen after retiring pensions."

Either Sir Harry thought he had said a smart thing, or that the theme suggested something that tickled his fancy, for he smiled pleasantly now on Tony, and looked far better tempered than before. Indeed, Tony laughed at the abrupt peroration, and that laugh did him no disservice.

"Well, now, Butler, what are we to do with you?" resumed the minister, good-humoredly. "It's not easy to find the right thing. But I'll talk it over with Damer. Give him your address, and drop in upon him occasionally—not too often, but now and then, so that he shouldn't forget you. Meanwhile, brush up your French and Italian. I'm glad you know Italian."

"But I do not, sir; not a syllable of the language."

"Oh, it was German, then; don't interrupt me. Indeed, let me take the occasion to impress upon you that you have this great fault of manners—a fault I have remarked prevalent among Irishmen, and which renders them excessively troublesome in the

House, and brings them frequently under the reproof of the speaker. If you read the newspapers you will have seen this yourself."

Second to a censure of himself, the severest thing for poor Tony to endure was any sneer at his countrymen; but he made a great effort to remain patient, and did not utter a word.

"Mind," resumed the minister, "don't misunderstand me. I do not say that your countrymen are deficient in quickness and a certain ready-witted way of meeting emergencies. Yes, they have that as well as some other qualities of the same order, but these things won't make statesmen. This was an old battle-ground between your father and myself thirty years ago. Strange to think I should have to fight over the same question with his son now."

Tony did not exactly perceive what was his share in the conflict, but he still kept silence.

"Your father was a clever fellow, too, and he had a brother—a much cleverer, by the way—there's the man to serve you—Sir Omerod Butler. He's alive, I know, for I saw his pension certificate not a week ago. Have you written to him?"

"No, sir. My father and my uncle were not on speaking terms for years, and it is not likely I would appeal to Sir Omerod for assistance."

"The quarrel, or coolness, or whatever it was, might have been the fault of your father."

"No, sir, it was not."

"Well, with that I have no concern. All that I know is, your uncle is a man of a certain influence—at least with his own party—which is not ours. He is, besides, rich; an old bachelor, too, if I'm not mistaken; and so, it might be worth the while of a young fellow who has his way to make in life to compromise a little of his family pride."

"I don't think so! I won't do it!" broke in Tony, loudly. "If you have no other counsel to give me than one you never would have given to my father, all I have to say is, I wish I had spared myself the trouble, and my poor mother the cost, of this journey."

If the great man's wrath was moved by the insolent boldness of the first part of this speech, the vibrating voice and the emotion that accompanied the last words touched him, and going over to where the young man stood,

he laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said, "You'll have to keep this warm temper of yours in more subjection, Butler, if you want to get on in life. The advice I gave you was very worldly, perhaps; but when you live to be my age, such will be the temper in which you'll come to consider most things. And, after all," said he, with a smile, "you're only the more like your father for it! Go away, now; look up your decimals, your school classics, and such like, to be ready for the Civil Service people, and come back here in a week or so. Let Damer know where to find you," were the last words, as Tony retired and left the room.

"Well, what success?" cried Damer, as Tony entered his room.

"I can scarcely tell you, but this is what took place," and he recounted, as well as memory would serve him, all that had happened.

"Then it's all right—you are quite safe," said Damer.

"I don't see that, particularly as there remains this examination."

"Humbug, nothing but humbug! They could only pluck the 'swells,' the fellows who have taken a double-first at Oxford. No, no, you're as safe as a church; you'll get,—let me see what it will be,—you'll get the Postmastership of the Bahamas; or be Deputy Coal-meter at St. Helena; or who knows if he'll not give you that thing he exchanged for t'other day with F. O. It's a Consul's place, at Trinopolis. It was Cole of the Blues had it, and he died; and there are four widows of his now claiming the pension. Yes, that's where you'll go, rely on't. There's the bell again. Write your address large, very large, on that sheet of paper, and I'll send you word when there's anything up."

## CHAPTER VI.

## DOLLY STEWART.

TONY's first care, when he got back to his hotel, was to write to his mother. He knew how great her impatience would be to hear of him, and it was a sort of comfort to himself, in his loneliness, to sit down and pour out his hopes and his anxieties before one who loved him. He told her of his meeting with the minister, and by way of encouragement mentioned what Damer had pronounced upon that event. Nor did he forget to say how grateful he felt to Damer, who, "after all, with his fine-gentleman airs and graces, might

readily have turned a cold shoulder to a rough-looking fellow like me."

Poor Tony! in his friendlessness he was very grateful for very little. Nor is there anything which is more characteristic of destitution than this sentiment. It is as with the schoolboy, who deems himself rich with a half-crown.

Tony would have liked much to make some inquiry about the family at the Abbey; whether any one had come to ask after or look for him; whether Mrs. Trafford had sent down any books for his mother's reading, or any fresh flowers—the only present which the widow could be persuaded to accept; but he was afraid to touch on a theme that had so many painful memories to himself. Ah, what happy days he had passed there! what a bright dream it all appeared now to look back on! The long rides along the shore, with Alice for his companion, more free to talk with him, less reserved than Isabella; and who could, on the pretext of her own experiences of life,—she was a widow of two and twenty,—caution him against so many pitfalls, and guard him against so many deceits of the world. It was in this same quality of widow, too, that she could go out to sail with him alone, making long excursions along the coast, diving into bays, and landing on strange islands, giving them curious names as they went, and fancying that they were new voyagers on unknown seas.

Were such days ever to come back again? No, he knew they could not. They never do come back, even to the luckiest of us; and how far less would be our enjoyment of them if we but knew that each fleeting moment could never be reacted! "I wonder, is Alice lonely? Does she miss me? Isabella will not care so much. She has books, and her drawing, and she is so self-dependent; but Alice, whose cry was, 'Where's Tony?' till it became a jest against her in the house. Oh, if she but knew how I envy the dog that lies at her feet, and that can look up into her soft blue eyes, and wonder what she is thinking of! Well, Alice, it has come at last. Here is the day you so long predicted. I have set out to seek my fortune, but where is the high heart and the bold spirit you promised me? I have no doubt," cried he, as he paced his room impatiently, "there are plenty who would say, it is the life of luxurious indolence and splendor that I am sorrowing after—that it is to

be a fancied great man,—to have horses to ride, and servants to wait on me, and my every wish gratified,—it is all this I am regretting. But I know better! I'd be as poor as ever I was, and consent never to be better, if she'd just let me see her, and be with her, and love her, to my own heart, without ever telling her. And now the day has come that makes all these bygones!"

It was with a choking feeling in his throat almost hysterical, that he went down-stairs and into the street to try and walk off his gloomy humor. The great city was now before him—a very wide and a very noisy world—with abundance to interest and attract him, had his mind been less intent on his own future fortunes; but he felt that every hour he was away from his poor mother was a pang, and every shilling he should spend would be a privation to her. Heaven only could tell by what thrift and care and time she had laid by the few pounds he had carried away to pay his journey! As his eye fell upon the tempting objects of the shop-windows, every moment displaying something he would have liked to have brought back to her—that nice warm shawl—that pretty clock for her mantle-piece—that little vase for her flowers, how he despised himself for his poverty, and how meanly he thought of a condition that made him a burden where he ought to have been a benefit. Nor was the thought the less bitter that it reminded him of the wide space that separated him from her he had dared to love! "It comes to this," cried he bitterly to himself, "that I have no right to be here; no right to do anything, or think of anything that I have done. Of the thousands that pass me, there is not, perhaps, one the world has not more need of than of me! Is there even one of all this mighty million that would have a kind word for me, if they knew the heavy heart that was weighing me down?" At this minute he suddenly thought of Dolly Stewart, the doctor's daughter, whose address he had carefully taken down from his mother, at Mr. Alexander M'Gruder's, 4 Inverness Terrace, Richmond.

It would be a real pleasure to see Dolly's good-humored face, and hear her merry voice, instead of those heavy looks and busy faces that addled and confused him; and so, as much to fill up his time as to spare his purse, he set out to walk to Richmond.

With whatever gloom and depression he

began his journey, his spirits rose as he gained the outskirts of the town, and rose higher and higher as he felt the cheering breezes and the perfumed air that swept over the rich meadows at either side of him. It was, besides, such a luxuriant aspect of country as he had never before seen nor imagined—fields cultivated like gardens, trim hedges, ornamental trees, picturesque villas on every hand. How beautiful it all seemed, and how happy! Was not Dolly a lucky girl to have her lot thrown in such a paradise? How enjoyable she must find it all!—she whose good spirits knew always how “to take the most out of” whatever was pleasant. How he pictured her delight in a scene of such loveliness!

“That’s Inverness Terrace yonder,” said a policeman, of whom he inquired the way—“that range of small houses you see there,” and he pointed to a trim-looking row of cottage-houses on a sort of artificial embankment which elevated them above the surrounding buildings, and gave a view of the Thames as it wound through the rich meadows beneath. They were neat with that English neatness which at once pleases and shocks a foreign eye—the trim propriety that loves comfort, but has no heart for beauty. Thus each was like his neighbor; the very jalousies were painted the same color; and every ranunculus in one garden had his brother in the next. No. 4 was soon found, and Tony rang the bell and inquired for Miss Stewart.

“She’s in the schoolroom with the young ladies,” said the woman-servant; “but if you’ll step in and tell me your name, I’ll send her to you.”

“Just say that I have come from her own neighborhood; or, better, say Mr. Tony Butler would be glad to see her.” He had scarcely been a moment in the neat but formal-looking front parlor, when a very tall, thin, somewhat severe-looking lady—not old, nor yet young—entered, and, without any salutation, said, “You asked for Miss Stewart, sir—are you a relative of hers?”

“No, madam. My mother and Miss Stewart’s father are neighbors and very old friends; and being by accident in London, I desired to see her, and bring back news of her to the doctor.”

“At her father’s request, of course?”

“No, madam; I cannot say so, for I left

home suddenly, and had no time to tell him of my journey.”

“Nor any letter from him?”

“None, madam.”

The thin lady pursed up her parched lips, and bent her keen, cold eyes on the youth, who really felt his cheek grow hot under the scrutiny. He knew that his confession did not serve to confirm his position; and he heartily wished himself out of the house again.

“I think, then, sir,” said she, coldly, “it will serve every purpose if I inform *you*, that Miss Stewart is well; and if I tell *her*, that you were kind enough to call and ask after her.”

“I’m sure you are right, madam,” said he, hurriedly, moving towards the door, for already he felt as if the ground was on fire beneath him—“quite right; and I’ll tell the doctor that though I didn’t see Miss Dora, she was in good health, and very happy.”

“I didn’t say anything about her happiness that I remember, sir; but as I see her now passing the door, I may leave that matter to come from her own lips. Miss Stewart,” cried she, louder, “there is a gentleman here, who has come to inquire after you.” A very pale but nicely-featured young girl, wearing a cap—her hair had been lately cut short in a fever—entered the room, and, with a sudden flush that made her positively handsome, held out her hand to young Butler, saying, “O Tony, I never expected to see you here! how are all at home?”

Too much shocked at the change in her appearance to speak, Tony could only mumble out a few broken words about her father.

“Yes,” cried she, eagerly, “his last letter says that he rides old Dobbin about just as well as ever; perhaps it is, says he, that having both of us grown old together, we bear our years with more tolerance to each other; but wont you sit down, Tony? you’re not going away till I have talked a little with you.”

“Is the music lesson finished, Miss Stewart?” asked the thin lady, sternly.

“Yes, ma’am, we have done everything but sacred history.”

“Everything but the one important task, you might have said, Miss Stewart; but perhaps you are not now exactly in the temperament to resume teaching for to-day; and,

as this young gentleman's mission is apparently to report, not only on your health, but your happiness, I shall leave you a quarter of an hour to give him his instructions."

"I hate that woman," muttered Tony, as the door closed after her.

"No, Tony, she's not unkind; but she doesn't exactly see the world the way you and I used long ago. What a great big man you have grown!"

"And what a fine tall girl you! And I used to call you a stump!"

"Ay, there were few compliments wasted between us in those days; but weren't they happy?"

"Do you remember them all, Dolly?"

"Every one of them—the climbing the big cherry-tree the day the branch broke, and we both fell into the melon-bed; the hunting for eels under the stones in the river—wasn't that rare sport? and going out to sea in that leaky little boat, that I'd not have courage to cross the Thames in now!—O Tony, tell me, you never were so jolly since?"

"I don't think I was; and what's worse, Dolly, I doubt if I ever shall be."

The tone of deep despondency of these words went to her heart, and her lip trembled as she said,—

"Have you had any bad news of late? Is there anything gone wrong with you?"

"No, Dolly, nothing new, nothing strange, nothing beyond the fact, that I have been staring at, though I did not see it, three years back, that I am a great hulking, idle dog, of no earthly use to himself or to anybody else. However, I have opened my eyes to it at last, and here I am, come to seek my fortune, as we used to say long ago, which, after all, seems a far nicer thing in a fairy book than when reduced to a fact."

Dolly gave a little short cough, to cover a faint sigh which escaped her, for she, too, knew something about seeking her fortune, and that the search was not always a success.

"And what are you thinking of doing, Tony?" asked she, eagerly.

"Like all lazy good-for-nothings, I begin by begging; that is to say, I have been to a great man this morning who knew my father, to ask him to give me something—to make me something."

"A soldier, I suppose?"

"No; mother wont listen to that. She's

so indignant about the way they treated my poor father about that good-service pension—one of a race that has been pouring out their blood like water for three centuries back—that she says she'd not let me accept a commission if it were offered me, without it came coupled with a full apology for the wrong done my father; and as I'm too old for the navy, and too ignorant for most other things, it will push all the great man's ingenuity very close to find out the corner to suit me."

"They talk a deal about Australia, Tony; and, indeed, I sometimes think I'd like to go there myself. I read in the *Times* t'other day that a dairymaid got as much as forty-six pounds a year and her board; only fancy, forty-six pounds a year! Do you know," added she, in a cautious whisper, "I have only eighteen pounds here, and was in rare luck, too, they say, to get it."

"What if we were to set out together, Dolly?" said he, laughing; but a deep scarlet flush covered her face, and though she tried to laugh, too, she had to turn her head away, for the tears were in her eyes.

"But how could *you* turn dairymaid, Dolly?" cried he, half reproachfully.

"Just as well, or rather better, than *you* turn shepherd or gold-digger. As to mere labor, it would be nothing; as to any loss of condition, I'd not feel it, and therefore not suffer it."

"Oh, I have no snobbery myself about working with my hands," added he, hastily. "Heaven help me if I had, for my head wouldn't keep me; but a girl's bringing-up is so different from a boy's; she oughtn't to do anything menial out of her own home."

"We ought all of us just to do our best, Tony, and what leaves us less of a burden to others—that's my reading of it; and when we do that we'll have a quiet conscience, and that's something that many a rich man couldn't buy with all his money."

"I think it's the time for the children's dinner, Miss Stewart," said the grim lady entering. "I am sorry it should cut short an interview so interesting."

A half-angry reply rose to Tony's lips, when a look from Dora stopped him, and he stammered out,—

"May I call and see you again before I go back?"

"When *do* you go back, young gentleman?" asked the thin lady.



"That's more than I can tell. This week if I can; next week if I must."

"If you'll write me a line then, and say what day it will be your convenience to come down here, I will reply, and state whether it will be Miss Stewart's and mine to receive you."

"Come at all events," said Dora, in a low voice, as they shook hands and parted.

"Poor Dolly!" muttered he, as he went his way towards town. "What between the pale cheeks, and the cropped hair, and the odious cap, I'd never have known her!" He suddenly heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and turning he saw her running towards him at full speed.

"You had forgotten your cane, Tony," said she, half breathless, "and I knew it was an old favorite of yours, and you'd be sorry to think it was lost. Tell me one thing," cried she, and her cheek flushed even a deeper hue than the exercise had given it, "could you—would you be a clerk—in a merchant's office, I mean?"

"Why do you ask me, Dolly?" said he, for her eager and anxious face directed all his solicitude from himself to her.

"If you only would, and could, Tony," continued she, "write. No; make papa write me a line to say so. There, I have no time for more; I have already done enough to secure me a rare lesson when I get back. Don't come here again."

She was gone before he could answer her; and with a heavier heart, and a very puzzled head, he resumed his road to London, "Don't come here again" ringing in his head as he went.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### LYLE ABBEY AND ITS GUESTS.

THE company at Lyle Abbey saw very little of Maitland for some days after his arrival: he never appeared of a morning, he only once came down to dinner; his pretext was indifferent health, and Mark showed a disposition to quarrel with any one that disputed it. Not, indeed, that the Squirearchy then present were at all disposed to regret Maitland's absence. They would infinitely rather have discussed his peculiarities in secret committee than meet himself in open debate. It was not very easy to say why they did not like him, but such was the fact. It was not that he overbore them by any species of assumption;

he neither took on him airs of superior station nor of superior knowledge; he was neither insolent nor haughty? nor was he even, what sometimes is not less resented, careless and indifferent. His manner was a sort of middle term between popularity-seeking and inattention. The most marked trait in it was one common enough in persons who have lived much on the Continent—a great preference for the society of ladies, making him almost ignore or avoid the presence of the men around him. Not that Maitland was what is called *petit maître*; there was not any of that flippant prettiness which is supposed to have its fascination for the sex; he was quiet without any touch of over-seriousness, very respectful, and, at the same time, with an insinuated friendliness, as though the person he talked to was one selected for especial cordiality; and there was a sort of tender languor, too, about him, that implied some secret care in his heart, of which each who listened to his conversation was sure to fancy that she was, one day, to become the chosen depositary.

"Do you know, Bella," said Mrs. Trafford, as they sat together at the fire in her dressing-room, "I shall end by half liking him."

"I haven't got that far, Alice, though I own that I am less in dread of him than I was. His superiority is not so crushing as I feared it might be; and certainly, if he be the Admirable Crichton Mark pretends he is, he takes every possible pains to avoid all display of it."

"There may besome impertinence in that," said the other. "Did you remark how he was a week here before he as much as owned he knew anything of music, and listened to our weary little ballads every evening without a word? and last night, out of pure caprice, as it seemed, he sits down, and sings song after song of Verdi's difficult music, with a tenor that reminds one of Mario."

"And which has quite convinced old Mrs. Maxwell that he is a professional, or, as she called it, 'a singing man.'"

"She would call him a sketching man, if she saw the caricature he made of herself in the pony carriage, which he tore up the moment he showed to me."

"One thing is clear, Alice—he means that we should like him; but he is too clever to set about it in any vulgar spirit of captivation."

"That is, he seeks regard for personal qual-

ities rather more than admiration for his high gifts of intellect. Well, up to this, it is his cleverness that I like."

"What puzzles me is why he ever came here. He is asked about everywhere, has all manner of great houses open to him, and stores of fine people, of whose intimacy you can see he is proud, and yet he comes down to a dull country place in a dull county; and, stranger than all, he seems to like it."

"John Hunter says it is debt," said Mrs. Trafford.

"Mark Fortescue hints that a rich and handsome widow has something to say to it."

"Paul M'Clintock declares that he saw your picture by Ary Scheffer in the Exhibition, and fell madly in love with it, Bella."

"And old Colonel Orde says that he is intriguing to get in for the borough of Coleraine; that he saw him in the garden t'other morning with a list of the electors in his hand."

"My conjecture is, that he is intolerably bored everywhere, and came down here to try the effects of a new mode of the infliction that he had never experienced before. What else would explain a project I heard him arrange for this morning,—a walk with Beck Graham?"

"Yes, I was in the window when he asked her where she usually went in those wanderings over the fern hills, with that great umbrella; and she told him to visit an old lady—a Mrs. Butler—who had been a dear friend of her mother's; and then he said, 'I wish you'd take me with you. I have a positive weakness for old ladies;' and so the bargain was struck, that they were to go to the cottage to-day together."

"Beck, of course, fancying that it means a distinct avowal of attention to herself."

"And her sister, Sally, very fully persuaded that Maitland is a suitor for her hand, and cunningly securing Beck's good offices before he risks a declaration."

"Sally already believes that Mark is what she calls 'landed;' and she gave me some pretty broad hints about the insufferable pretensions of younger sons, to which class she consigns him."

"And Beck told me yesterday, in confidence, that Tony had been sent away from home by his mother, as the last resource against the consequences of his fatal passion for her."

"Poor Tony," sighed the young widow, "he never thought of her."

"Did he tell you as much, Alice?" said her sister, slyly.

"No, dear; it is the one subject—I mean love in any shape—that we never discussed. The poor boy confessed to me all his griefs about his purposeless, idle life, his mother's straitened fortune, and his uncle's heartless indifference; everything, in short, that lay heavily on his heart."

"Everything but the heaviest, Alice," said the other, smiling.

"Well, if he had opened that sorrow, I'd have heard him without anger; I'd have honestly told him it was a very vain and fruitless pursuit. But still my own heart would have declared to me, that a young fellow is all the better for some romance of this kind—that it elevates motives and dignifies actions, and, not least of all advantages, makes him very uncompanionable for creatures of mere dissipation and excess."

"But that, of course, you were merely objective the while—the source from which so many admirable results were to issue, and never so much as disturbed by the breath of his attachment. Isn't that so?"

"I'd have said, You're a very silly boy if you imagine that anything can come of all this."

"And if he were to ask for the reason, and say, Alice, are you not your own mistress—rich—free to do whatever you incline to do? Why should you call me a fool for loving you?"

"Take my word for it, Bella, he'll never risk the answer he'd be sure to meet to such a speech," said the other, haughtily; and Isabella, who felt a sort of awe of her sister at certain moments, desisted from the theme.

"Look! yonder they go, Maitland and Rebecca, not exactly arm in arm, but with bent-down heads, and that propinquity that implies close converse."

"I declare I feel quite jealous—I mean on your account, Bella," said Mrs. Trafford.

"Never mind my interests in the matter, Alice," said she, reddening; "it is a matter of the most complete indifference to me with whom he walks or talks. Mr. Norman Maitland is not to me one whit more of consequence than is Tony Butler to my sister."

"That's a confession, Bella—a confession

wrung out of a hasty moment; for Tony certainly likes *me*, and *I* know it."

"Well, then, the cases are not similar, for Mr. Maitland does not care for me; or if he does, I don't know it, nor do I want to know it."

"Come, darling, put on your shawl, and let us have a breezy walk on the cliffs before the day darkens; neither of these gentlemen are worth the slightest estrangement between such sisters as we are. Whether Tony likes me or not, don't steal him from me, and I'll promise you to be just as loyal with regard to the other. How I'd like to know what they are talking of there!"

"As it is not impossible the reader may in some slight degree participate in the fair widow's sentiment, we mean to take up the conversation just as it reached the time in which the remark was applied to it. Miss Becky Graham was giving her companion a sketchy description of all the persons then at the Abbey, not taking any especial care to be epigrammatic or picturesque, but to be literal and truthful.

"Mrs. Maxwell—an old horror—tolerated just because she owns Tilney Park, and can leave it to whom she likes; and the Lyles hope it will fall to Mark, or possibly to Bella. They stand to win on either."

"And which is the favorite?" asked Maitland, with a faint smile.

"You'd like to think Isabella," said Miss Becky, with a sharp, piercing glance to read his thoughts at an unguarded moment, if he had such, "but she is not. Old Aunt Maxwell—she's as much your aunt as theirs—detests girls, and has, I actually believe, thoughts of marrying again. By the way, you said you wanted money—why not 'go in' there? eight thousand a year in land, real estate, and a fine old house with some great timber around it."

"I want to pay my old debts, not incur new ones, my dear Miss Graham."

"I'm not your dear Miss Graham—I'm Beck, or Becky, or I'm Miss Rebecca Graham, if you want to be respectful. But what do you say to the Maxwell handicap? I could do you a good turn there: she lets me say what I please to her."

"I'd rather you'd give me that privilege with yourself, charming Rebecca."

"Don't, I say; don't try that tiresome old dodge of mock flattery. I'm not charming,

any more than you are honest or straightforward. Let us be on the square—do you understand that? Of course you do. Whom shall I trot out next for you? for the whole lot shall be disposed of without any reserve. Will you have Sir Arthur, with his tiresome Indian stories, enhanced to himself by all the laces of rupees that are associated with them? Will you have the gay widow, who married for pique, and inherited a great fortune by a blunder? Will you have Isabella, who is angling for a coronet, but would not refuse *you* if you are rich enough? Will you have that very light dragoon, who thinks 'ours' the standard for manners in Europe? or the two elder brothers, gray-headed, pale-faced, husky-voiced civil servants, working hard to make a fortune in advance of a liver complaint? Say the 'number,' and the animal shall be led out for inspection."

"After all, it is scarcely fair in me to ask it, for I don't come as a buyer."

"Well, if you have a taste for that sort of thing—are we out of sight of the windows?—if so, let me have a cigarette like that you have there. I haven't smoked for five months. Oh! isn't it a pleasure?"

"Tell me about Mrs. Butler—who is she?"

"She is Mrs. Butler: and her husband, when he was alive, was Colonel Butler, militarily known as Wat Tartar; he was a terrible pipeclay; and her son Tony is the factotum at the Abbey; or rather he was, till Mark told him to shave a poodle, or singe a pony, or paint a wheelbarrow—I forget; but I know it was something he had done once out of good-humor, and the hussar creature fancied he'd make him do it again through an indignity."

"And he—I mean Butler—stands upon being a gentleman?"

"I should think he does; is not his birth good?"

"Certainly the Butlers are of an old stock."

"They talk of an uncle, Sir Ramrod—it isn't Ramrod, but it's like it—a tiresome old fellow, who was envoy at Naples, and who married, I believe, a ballet-dancer, and who might leave Tony all his fortune if he liked—which he doesn't."

"Having no family of his own?" asked Maitland, as he puffed his cigar.

"None; but that doesn't matter, for he

has turned Jesuit, and will leave everything to the sacred something or other in Rome. I've heard all that from old Widow Butler, who has a perfect passion for talking of her amiable brother-in-law, as she calls him. She hates him—always did hate him—and taught Tony to hate him; and with all that it was only yesterday she said to me that perhaps she was not fully justified in sending back unopened two letters he had written to her—one after the loss of some Canadian bonds of hers, which got rumored abroad in the newspapers; the other was on Tony's coming of age; and she said, 'Becky, I begin to suspect that I had no right to carry my own unforgiveness to the extent of an injury to my boy—tell me what you would do.'"

"And what was your answer?"

"I'd have made it up with the old swell. I'd say, Is not this boy more to you than all those long-petticoated tonsured humbugs, who can always cheat some one or other out of an inheritance? I'd say, Look at him and you'll fancy it's Walter telling you that he forgives you."

"If he be like most of his order, Miss Becky, he'd only smile at your appeal," said Maitland, coldly.

"Well, I'd not let it be laughing matter with him, I can tell you; stupid wills are broken every day of the week, and I don't think the Jesuits are in such favor in England that a jury would decide for them against an English youth of the kith and kin of the testator."

"You speak cleverly, Miss Graham, and you show that you know all the value that attaches to popular sympathy in the age we live in."

"And don't you agree with me?"

"Ah, there's a deal to be said on each side."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, don't say it. There no—more to the left—there, where you see the blue smoke rising over the rocks—there stands the widow's cottage. I don't know how she endures the loneliness of it. Could you face such a life?"

"A double solitude—what the French call an '*egoisme à deux*'—is not so insupportable. In fact, it all depends upon 'the partner with whom we share our isolation.'" He threw a tone of half tenderness into the words that made them very significant, and Rebecca gave him one of her quick, sudden glances with which she often read a secret motive.

This time, however, she failed. There was nothing in that fallow but handsome face that revealed a clue to anything.

"I'll have to ask Mrs. Butler's leave before I present you," said she, suddenly.

"Of course, I'll await her permission."

"The chances are she'll say no; indeed, it is all but certain she will."

"Then I must resign myself to patience and a cigar till you come out again," said he, calmly.

"Shall I say that there's any reason for your visit? Do you know any Butlers, or have you any relationship, real or pretended, with the family, that would make a pretext for coming to see her?"

Had Miss Graham only glanced as keenly at Maitland's features now as she had a few moments back, she might have seen a faint—a very faint flush cross his cheek, and then give way to a deep paleness.

"No," said he, coldly, "I cannot pretend the shadow of a claim to her acquaintance, and I can scarcely presume to ask you to present me as a friend of your own, except in the common acceptance given to the word."

"Oh, I'll do that readily enough. Bless your heart, if there was anything to be gained by it I'd call you my cousin, and address you as Norman all the time of the visit."

"If you but knew how the familiarity would flatter me, particularly were I to return it!"

"And call me Becky—I hope! Well, you are a cool hand!"

"My friends are in the habit of amusing themselves with my diffidence and my timidity."

"They must be very ill off for a pastime, then. I used to think Mark Lyle bad enough, but his is a blushing bashfulness compared to yours."

"You only see me in my struggle to overcome a natural defect, Miss Graham,—just as a coward assumes the bully to conceal his poltroonery; you regard in me the mock audacity that tries to shroud a most painful modesty."

She looked full at him for an instant, and then burst into a loud and joyful fit of laughter, in which he joined without the faintest show of displeasure. "Well, I believe you are good-tempered," said she, frankly.

"The best in the world; I am very seldom angry; I never bear malice."

"Have you any other good qualities?" asked she, with a slight mockery in her voice.

"Yes—many: I am trustful to the verge of credulity; I am generous to the limits of extravagance; I am unswerving in my friendships, and without the taint of a single selfishness in all my nature."

"How nice that is! How nice it must be!"

"I could grow eloquent over my gifts, if it were not that my bashfulness might embarrass me."

"Have you any faults?"

"I don't think so; at least I can't recall any."

"Nor failings?"

"Failings! perhaps," said he, dubiously; "but they are, after all, mere weaknesses—such as a liking for splendor—a love of luxury generally—a taste for profusion, a sort of regal profusion, in daily life, which occasionally jars with my circumstances, making me, not irritable—I am never irritable—but low-spirited and depressed."

"Then, from what you have told me, I think I'd better say to Mrs. Butler that there's an angel waiting outside who is most anxious to make her acquaintance."

"Do so; and add, that he'll fold his wings, and sit on this stone, till you come to fetch him."

"*Au revoir*, Gabriel, then," said she, passing in at the wicket, and taking her way through the little garden.

Maitland sat discussing in his own mind the problem how far Alcibiades was right or wrong in endeavoring to divert the world from any criticism of himself by a certain alteration in his dog's tail, rather opining that in our day, at least, the wiser course would have been to avoid all comment whatsoever,—the imputation of an eccentricity being only second to the accusation of a crime. With the Greeks of that day the false scent was probably a success; with the English of ours, the real wisdom is not to be hunted. "Oh, if it were all to be done again, how very differently I should do it!"

"Indeed, and in what respect?" said a voice behind his shoulder. He looked up and saw Beck Graham gazing on him with something of interest in her expression. "How so?" cried she again. Not in the slightest degree discomposed or flurried, he lay lazily back on the sward, and, drawing his hand over his eyes to shade them from the sun,

said, in a half-languid, weary tone, "If it were to do again, I'd go in for happiness."

"What do you mean by happiness?"

"What we all mean by it: an organized selfishness that draws a close cordon round our home, and takes care to keep out, so far as possible, duns, bores, fevers, and fashionable acquaintances. By the way, is your visit ended, or will she see me?"

"Not to-day. She hopes to-morrow to be able. She asks if you are of the Maitlands of Gillie—Gillie, not 'Crankie,' but a sound like it—and if your mother's name was Janet."

"And I trust, from the little you know of me, you assured her it could not," said he, calmly.

"Well, I said that I knew no more of your family than all the rest of us up at the Abbey, who have been sifting all the Maitlands in the three kingdoms, in the hope of finding you."

"How flattering! and, at the same time, how vain a labor! The name came to me with some fortune. I took it as I'd have taken a more ill-sounding one, for money! Who wouldn't be baptized in bank stock? I hope it's not on the plea of my mother being Janet, that she consents to receive me?"

"She hopes you are Lady Janet's son, and that you have the Maitland eyes, which it seems are dark, and a something in their manner which she assures me was especially captivating."

"And for which, I trust, you vouched?"

"Yes. I said you were a clever sort of person, that could do a number of things well, and that I for one didn't quarrel with your vanity or conceit, but thought them rather good fun."

"So they are! and we'll laugh at them together," said he, rising, and preparing to set out. "What a blessing to find one that really understands me! I wish to Heaven that you were not engaged!"

"And who says I am?" cried she, almost fiercely.

"Did I dream it? Who knows? The fact is, my dear Miss Becky, we do talk with such a rare freedom to each other, it is pardonable to mix up one's reveries with his actual information. How do you call that ruin yonder?"

"Dunluce."

"And that great bluff beyond it?"



"Fairhead."

"I'll take a long walk to-morrow, and visit that part of the coast."

"You are forgetting you are to call on Mrs. Butler."

"So I was. At what hour are we to be here?"

"There is no question of 'we' in the matter; your modesty must make its advances alone."

"You are not angry with me, carissima Rebecca?"

"Don't think that a familiarity is less a liberty because it is dressed in a foreign tongue."

"But it would 'out;' the expression forced itself from my lips in spite of me, just as some of the sharp things you have been saying to me were perfectly irrepressible."

"I suspect you like this sort of sparring?"

"Delight in it."

"So do I. There's only one condition I make: whenever you mean to take off the gloves, and intend to hit out hard, that you'll say so before. Is that agreed?"

"It's a bargain."

She held out her hand frankly, and he took it as cordially; and in a hearty squeeze the compact was ratified.

"Shall I tell you," said she, as they drew nigh the Abbey, "that you are a great puzzle to us all here? We none of us can guess how so great a person as yourself should condescend to come down to such an out-o'-the-world spot, and waste his fascinations on such dull company."

"Your explanation, I'll wager, was the true one; let me hear it."

"I called it eccentricity; the oddity of a man who had traded so long in oddity that he grew to be inexplicable, even to himself, and that an Irish country house was one of the few things you had not 'done,' and you were determined to 'do' it."

"There was that, and something more," said Maitland, thoughtfully.

"The 'something more' being, I take it, the whole secret."

"As you read me like a book, Miss Rebecca, all I ask is, that you'll shut the volume when you've done with it, and not talk over it with your literary friends."

"It is not my way," said she, half pettishly; and they reached the door as she spoke.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### SOME EXPLANATIONS.

If there was anything strange or inexplicable in the appearance of one of Maitland's pretensions in an unfrequented and obscure part of the world—if there was matter in it to puzzle the wise heads of squires, and make country intelligences look confused, there is no earthly reason why any mystification should be practised with our reader. He at least is under our guidance, and to him we impart whatever is known to ourselves. For a variety of reasons, some of which this history later on will disclose,—others, the less imminent, we are free now to avow,—Mr. Norman Maitland had latterly addressed much of his mind to the political intrigues of a foreign country: that country was Naples. He had known it—we are not free to say how, at this place—from his childhood: he knew its people in every rank and class: he knew its dialect in all its idioms. He could talk the slang of the lazzaroni, and the wild *patois* of Calabria, just as fluently as that composite language which the King Ferdinand used, and which was a blending of the vulgarisms of the Chiaja with the Frenchified chit-chat of the court.

There were events happening in Italy which, though not for the movement involving the question of Naples, suggested to the wiser heads in that country the sense of a coming peril. We cannot, at this place, explain how or why Maitland should have been a sharer in these deeds; it is enough to say that he was one of a little knot who had free access to the palace, and enjoyed constant intercourse with the king—free to tell him of all that went on in his brilliant capital of vice and levity—to narrate its duels, its defalcations, its intrigues, its family scandals, and domestic disgraces—to talk of anything and everything but one;—not a word on politics was to escape them; never in the most remote way was a syllable to drop of either what was happening in the State, or what comments the French or English press might pass on it. No allusion was to escape on questions of government, nor the name of a minister to be spoken, except he were the hero of some notorious scandal. All these precautions could not stifle fear. The menials had seen the handwriting on the wall before Belshazzar's eyes had fallen on it. The men who stood near the throne saw that it rocked

already. There was but one theme within the palace—the fidelity of the army; and every rude passage between the soldiery and the people seemed to testify to that faithfulness. Amongst those who were supposed to enjoy the sovereign confidence—for none, in reality, possessed it—was the Count Caffarelli, a man of very high family and large fortune, and, though not in the slightest degree tinctured with Liberalism in politics, one of the very few Neapolitan nobles who either understood the drift, or estimated the force, of the party of action. He foresaw the coming struggle, and boded ill of its result. With Mr. Maitland he lived in closest intimacy. The Italian, though older than the Englishman, had been his companion in years of dissipation. In every capital of Europe these two men had left traditions of extravagance and excess. They had an easy access to the highest circles in every city, and it was their pleasure to mix in all, even to the lowest. Between them there had grown what, between such men, represented a strong friendship—that is, either would readily have staked his life or his fortune; in other words, have fought a duel, or paid the play-debts of the other. Each knew the exact rules of honor which guided the conduct of the other, and knew besides that no other principles than these held any sway or influence over him.

Caffarelli saw that the Bourbon throne was in danger, and with it the fortunes of all who adhered to the dynasty. If all his prejudices and sympathies were with monarchy, these would not have prevented him from making terms with the revolution, if he thought the revolution could be trusted; but this was precisely what he did not, could not, believe. "Ceux qui sont Bleus restent Bleus," said the first Napoleon; and so Caffarelli assured himself that a "canaille" always would be a canaille. Philip Egalité was a case in point of what came of such concessions; therefore he decided it was better to stand by the monarchy, and that real policy consisted in providing that there should be a monarchy to stand by.

To play that mock game of popularity, the being cheered by the lazzaroni, was the extent of toleration to which the king could be persuaded. Indeed, he thought these *vivas* the hearty outburst of a fervent and affectionate loyalty, and many of his ministers appeared

to concur with him. Caffarelli, who was Master of the Horse, deemed otherwise, and confessed to Maitland that, though assassination was cheap enough in the quarter of Santa Lucia, there was a most indiscriminating indifference as to who might be the victim, and that the old Marquess di Montanara, the Prefect of the Palace, would not cost a "carlino" more than the veriest follower of Mazzini.

Both Caffarelli and Maitland enjoyed secret sources of information. They were members of that strange league which has a link in every grade and class of Neapolitan society, and makes the very highest in station the confidant and the accomplice of the most degraded and the meanest. This sect, called *La Comorra*, was originally a mere system of organized extortion, driving, by force of menace, an impost on every trade and occupation, and exacting its dues by means of agents well known to be capable of the greatest crimes. Caffarelli, who had long employed its services to assist him in his intrigues or accomplish his vengeance, was a splendid contributor to its resources. He was rich and magnificent; he loved profusion, but he adored it when it could be made the mainspring of some dark and mysterious machinery. Though the *Comorra* was not in the remotest degree political, Caffarelli learned, through its agency, that the revolutionary party were hourly gaining strength and courage. They saw the growing discontent that spread abroad about the ruling dynasty, and they knew how little favor would be shown the Bourbons by the western powers, whose counsels had been so flatly rejected, and whose warnings despised. They felt that their hour was approaching, and that Northern Italy would soon hasten to their aid if the work of overthrow were once fairly begun. Their only doubts were, lest the success, when achieved, should have won nothing for them. It may be as in Forty-eight, said they; we may drive the king out of Naples, as we drove the Austrians out of Milan, and after all only be conquering a larger kingdom for the house of Savoy. Hence they hesitated and held back; nor were their fears causeless. For what had revolution poured forth its blood like water in Paris? to raise up the despotism of the Second Empire!

Caffarelli was in possession of all this; he knew what they hoped and wished and feared.

The Camorra itself numbered many professed revolutionists ("Reds," as they liked to be called) in its sect, but was itself untinctured by politics. The wily count thought that it was a pity so good an organization should be wasted on mere extortion and robbery. There were higher crimes they might attain to, and grander interests they might subserve. Never, perhaps, was the world of Europe so much in the hands of a few powerful men. Withdraw from it, say half a dozen—one could name them at once—and what a change might come over the Continent! Caffarelli was no assassin; but there are men, and he was one of them, that can trifle with great crimes, just as children play with fire; who can jest with them, laugh at them, and sport with them, till, out of mere familiarity, they forgot the horror they should inspire and the penalty they enforce. He had known Orsini intimately, and liked him; nor did he talk of his memory with less affection that he had died beneath the guillotine. He would not himself engage in a crime that would dishonor his name; but he knew there were a great number of people in the world who could no more be punctilious about honor than about the linen they wore—fellows who walked in rags and dined off garlic. Why should they stick at trifles? They had no noble escutcheons to be tarnished, no splendid names, no high lineage to be disgraced. In fact, there were crimes that became them, just as certain forms of labor suited them. They worked with their hands in each case. Amongst the Camorra he knew many such. The difficulty was to bring the power of the sect to bear upon the questions that engaged him. It would not have been difficult to make them revolutionists—the one word pillage would have sufficed for that; the puzzle was how to make them Royalists. Mere pay would not do. These fellows had got a taste for irregular gain. To expect to win them over by pay, or retain them by discipline, was to hope to convert a poacher by inviting him to a batue. Caffarelli had revolved the matter very long and carefully; he had talked it over scores of times with Maitland. They agreed that the Camorra had great capabilities, if one only could use them. Through the members of that league in the army they had learned that the troops, the long-vaunted reliance of the monarchy, could not be trusted.

Many regiments were ready to take arms with the Reds; many more would disband and return to their homes. As for the navy, they declared there was not one ship's company would stand by the sovereign. The most well-affected would be neutral; none save the foreign legions would fight for the king. The question then was, to reinforce these, and at once—a matter far more difficult than it used to be. Switzerland would no longer permit this recruitment. Austria would give none but her criminals. America, it was said, abounded in ardent, adventurous spirits, that would readily risk life in pursuit of fortune; but then the cause was not one which, by any ingenuity, could be made to seem that of liberty. Nothing then remained but Ireland. There there was bravery and poverty both. Thousands, who had no fears and very little food, ready for any enterprise, but far readier for one which could be dignified as being the battle of the Truth and the cause of the Holy Father.

An Irish legion, some five or six thousand devout Catholics and valiant soldiers, was a project that the Minister of War at once embraced. His excellency saw Maitland on it, and talked over the whole plan. Maitland was himself to direct all its operations. Caffarelli would correspond with him from Naples, and, in case of any complication or difficulty, shroud the minister from attack. Ample funds would be provided. The men could be engaged as laborers upon some great public work, and forwarded in small drafts to a convenient port. Arms could be easily procured from Liege. Officers could be readily obtained, either Irish, or Poles or Hungarians who could speak English. In a word, all the details had been well discussed and considered, and Maitland, on arriving in London, had again talked over the project with wise and crafty heads, whose prudent counsels showed him how little fit he was personally to negotiate directly with the Irish peasant, and how imperative above all things it was to depute this part of his task to some clever native, capable of employing the subordinates he needed. "Hide yourself," said they, "in some out-of-the-way spot in Wales or Scotland; even the far north of Ireland will do; remain anywhere near enough to have frequent communication with your agent, but neither be seen nor known in the

plot yourself. Your English talk and your English accent would destroy more confidence than your English gold would buy."

Such an agent was soon found—a man admirably adapted in many respects for the station. He had been an adventurer all his life; served with the French in Austria, and the Austrians in the Banat; held an independent command of Turks during the Crimean war; besides episodically having "done a little," as he called it, on the Indian frontier with the Yankees; and served on the staff of Rosas at La Plata; all his great and varied experiences tending to one solitary conviction, that no real success was ever to be attained in anything except by means of Irishmen; nor could order, peace, and loyalty be ever established anywhere without their assistance. If he was one of the bravest men living, he was one of the most pushing and impertinent! he would have maintained a point of law against the lord chancellor, and contested tactics with a marshal of France. He thought himself the ornament of any society he entered, and his vanity, in matters of intellect, was only surpassed by his personal conceit. And now one word as to his appearance. With the aid of cleverly constructed boots he stood five feet four, but was squarely, stoutly built, broad in the chest, and very bow-legged; his head was large, and seemed larger from a mass of fiery red hair, of which he was immensely vain as the true Celtic color; he wore great whiskers, a moustache, and chin tuft; but the flaming hue of these seemed actually tamed and toned down beside his eyes, which resembled two flaring carbuncles. They were the most excitable, quarrelsome, restless pair of orbs that ever beamed in a human head. They twinkled and sparkled with an incessant mischief, and they darted such insolent glances right and left, as seemed to say, "Is there any one present who will presume to contradict me?"

His boundless self-conceit would have been droll if it had not been so offensive. His theory was this: all men detested him; all women adored him. Europe had done little better than intrigue for the last quarter of a century what country could secure his services. As for the insolent things he had said to kings and emperors, and the soft speeches that empresses and queens had made to him—self, they would fill a volume. Believe him,

and he had been on terms of more than intimacy in every royal palace of the Continent. Show the slightest semblance of doubt in him, and the chances were that he'd have had you "out" in the morning.

Amongst his self-delusions, it was one to believe that his voice and accent were peculiarly insinuating. There was, it is true, a certain slippery insincerity about them, but the vulgarity was the chief characteristic; and his brogue was that of Leinster, which, even to Irish ears, is insufferable.

Such was, in brief, the gentleman who called himself Major M'Caskey, Knight-Commander of various orders, and C.S. in the pope's household—which, interpreted, means *Cameriere Secreto*—a something which corresponds to gentleman in waiting. Maitland and he had never met. They had corresponded freely, and the letters of the major had by no means made a favorable impression upon Maitland, who had more than once forwarded extracts from them to the committees in London, pettishly asking, "if something better could not be found than the writer of this rubbish." And yet, for the work before him, "the writer of this rubbish" was a most competent hand. He knew his countrymen well—knew how to approach them by those mingled appeals to their love of adventure and love of gain—their passion for fighting, for carelessness, for disorder; and, above all, that wide uncertainty as to what is to come, which is to an Irishman's nature the most irresistible of all seductions. The major had established committees—in other words, recruiting depots—in several county towns; had named a considerable number of petty officers; and was only waiting Maitland's orders whether or not he should propose the expedition to adventurous but out-at-elbows young fellows of a superior station—the class from which officers might be taken. We have now said enough of him and the project that engaged him to admit of our presenting him to our readers in one of his brief epistles. It was dated—

"CASTLE DURROW, August —, —."

"SIR,—I have the honor to report for your information that I yesterday enrolled in this town and neighborhood eighteen fine fellows for H. N. M. Two of them are returned convicts, and three more are bound over to come up for sentence at a future assizes, and one whom I have named a corporal is the notorious Hayes, who shot Captain Macan on the

fair green at Ballinasloe. So you see there's little fear that they'll want to come back here when once they have attained to the style and dignity of Neapolitan citizens. Bounty is higher here by from sixteen to twenty shillings than in Meath; indeed, fellows who can handle a gun, or are any ways ready with a weapon, can always command a job from one of the secret clubs; and my experiences (wide as most men's) lead me entirely to the selection of those who have shown any aptitude for active service. I want your permission and instruction to engage some young gentleman of family and station, for the which I must necessarily be provided with means of entertainment. 'Tafel Geld is nicht Teufel's Gelt,' says the Austrian adage; and I believe a very moderate outlay, assisted by my own humble gifts of persuasion, will suffice. 'Séduction de M'Caskey,' was a proverb in the 8th Voltigeurs. You may ask a certain high personage in France, who it was that told him not to despair on a particular evening at Strasbourg. A hundred pounds—better if a hundred and fifty—would be useful. The medals of His Holiness have done well, but I only distribute them in the lower ranks. Some titles would be very advisable if I am to deal with the higher class. Herewith you have a muster-roll of what has been done in two counties; and I say it without fear, not a man in the three kingdoms could have accomplished it but Miles M'C. Marmont could plan, but not execute; Massena execute, but not organize; Soult could do none but the last. It is no vanity makes me declare that I combine all the three qualities. You see me now 'organizing'; in a few days you shall judge of me in the field; and later on, if my convictions do not deceive me, in the higher sphere of directing the great operations of an army. I place these words in your hands that they may be on record. If M'Caskey falls, it is a great destiny cut off; but posterity will see that he died in the full conviction of his genius. I have drawn on you for thirty-eight, ten, and six; and tomorrow will draw again for seventy-four, fifteen.

"Your note has just come. I am forced to say that its tone is not that to which, in the sphere I have moved, I have been accustomed. If I am to regard you as my superior officer, duty cries, Submit. If you be simply a civilian, no matter how exalted, I ask explanation. The dinner at the Dawson Arms was necessary: the champagne was not excessive; none of the company were really drunk before ten o'clock; and the destruction of the furniture was a 'plaisanterie' of a young gentleman from Louth who was going into holy orders, and might most probably not have another such spree in all his life again. Are you satisfied? If not, tell me what and where any other satisfaction may meet your wishes. You say, Let us meet. I reply, Yes, in any way you desire. You have not answered my demand—it was demand, not request—to be Count M'Caskey. I have written to Count Caffarelli on the subject, and have thoughts of addressing the king. Don't talk to me of decorations. I have no room for them on the breast of my coat. I am forced to say these things to you, for I cannot persuade myself that you really know or understand the man you correspond with. After all, it took Radetsky a year, and Omar Pasha seventeen months, to arrive at that knowledge which my impatience, unjustly, perhaps, complains that you have not attained to. Yet I feel we shall like each other; and were it not like precipitancy, I'd say, Believe me, dear Maitland, very faithfully your friend,

"MILES M'CASKEY."

The answer to this was very brief, and ran thus:—

"LYLE ABBEY, August.

"SIR,—You will come to Coleraine, and await my orders there—the first of which will be to take no liberties of any kind with your obedient servant,

"NORMAN MAITLAND.

"MAJOR M'CASKEY,

"The Dawson Arms, Castle Duffow.

"P.S.—Avoid all English acquaintances on your road. Give yourself out to be a foreigner, and speak as little as possible."

*The Zeitung fur Norddeutschland* has been guilty of a most ungallant act. It appears that Mrs. Mathilde Raven "started a story" in the *feuilleton* of the said paper, entitled "A Roll of Gold." With reference to this, the following editorial manifesto has now been issued: "Through a mistake in the forwarding of the manuscript, about two chapters have dropped out after the third in our impressions. The authoress believes

that the artistic structure of her story has suffered considerably by this; and we take this opportunity of requesting our readers, in case they should have noticed this slip, to put the responsibility upon our shoulders." Anything more complimentary to the "Frau Verfasserin," than that the public should not have noticed the gap of two full chapters, can hardly be conceived.



From The North British Review.  
*On Recent Geographical Discovery and Research.*

A CASUAL observer, scanning the map of the world, would probably soon arrive at the conclusion, that every portion of our earth has been so far examined and mapped out, as to leave but inconsiderable gleanings for the future traveller. And if by the terms geographical discovery and research, nothing more were meant than what is too often taken for granted,—the making known, by boundary and extent, certain portions of the earth's surface never before visited by Europeans,—there would be some ground for such an opinion. But this is only one, and by no means the most important part of the subject. Much more is needed before facts like these can challenge a human interest. Such planlike representations, such purely statistical kind of information, existed before Carl Ritter rescued geography from the reproach of being a mere, dry catalogue of names, and proved it to be what it truly is, a record of the "life of the globe." Long ere Humboldt threw the spell of his genius over the intertropical regions of America, the names of the countries he explored were conned over by hapless schoolboys. But how different are our impressions of those regions now, compared with what they would have been, but for the visit of the great traveller! How clearly are the "aspects of nature" now placed before us,—the outlines of the mountains,—the formation of the rocks, and their metalliferous treasures,—the noble rivers,—the vast llanos and pampas,—the magnificent vegetation, so dense as to exclude the sun's rays, and save the dewdrop from sudden exhalation,—the beauty and variety of animal life,—the races of men, and their means of subsistence,—nothing, in short, is overlooked in his comprehensive survey. If aspirants for fame in this field would deserve success, they must learn how and "what to observe" in the school of Humboldt and Ritter. Let the branches of knowledge usually comprised under the term "Physical Geography," be adopted as the basis of inquiry, and there is no appreciable limit to the field that is waiting to be cultivated, no lack of profitable employment for travellers, nor of valuable results to science, commerce, and the arts, during generations to come. For want of this preliminary information, how many golden

opportunities have been lost; how much labor is constantly being thrown away; and how is the earnest student tantalized by vague, indefinite description, calculated only to unsettle his belief, without adding to his positive knowledge! True, no great prizes are left, great in the sense of extent; the icy barriers of the far north having once been opened, and the secret of ages—a possible communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—revealed; the Arctic region may be left to repose in its mantle of snow.

And since the Nile, the source of which has been hidden from the scrutiny of travellers ever since the dawn of history, has been traced at least to its great reservoir, the world must rest satisfied till the gallant discoverer is enabled to return to the scene of his conquests in order to complete what he has so nobly begun, by thoroughly investigating a region he has made peculiarly his own, and with which his name will forever be identified. Whether viewed in the light of practical utility, like the recent explorations in Australia, which yield an immediate return in extended pastures for our colonial farmers, and new prospects for future emigrants; or in the more recondite departments of the science, as in ethnological or archaeological research, vast *lacuna* remain to be filled up before our knowledge of the globe is completed. How much remains to be done, or rather, how little has yet been accomplished, in the elucidation of the higher branches of physical geography throughout a vast portion of South America, in Central Asia, or even in Syria! The "Land of the Bible," so accessible to European enterprise, and yet so much neglected, is a reproach to the spirit of the age. A small part only of the time and means at the disposal of our migratory classes would, if properly directed, suffice to throw light on many questions of highest import, now involved in obscurity. Let us hope that a portion of the energy, courage, and skill, which it has been fashionable of late to expend in a perpendicular direction—the ascent of mountains in Europe—may henceforth be directed to the exploration of horizontal areas elsewhere. Meantime, it will be found, from the following sketch, that the researches of the few past years are entitled to an honorable place in the history of geographical discovery, and that they will not yield to those of any similar

period in the richness and importance of their results.

Africa claims our first notice. Attempts at the exploration of this vast continent may be arranged in three periods. *First*, From the times of antiquity to the end of the eighteenth century—a period of exaggerations and fables, the few useful notions then current being derived from Herodotus, Strabo, and Ptolemy. For the Portuguese missionaries speak only of miracles—of mountains of silver, lakes of bitumen, and strange monsters in the rivers, half women, half fishes. This fabulous and barren epoch is expressed in the map of D'Anville by blank spaces, mountains without limits, watercourses uncertain where to flow, legends, and endless marks of interrogation. *Second*, At the end of last century, Bruce devoted himself to the discovery of the source of the Nile; but, concluding that the Blue River is the main stream, he traced it to Lake Dembea, and believed erroneously that he had reached the fountain of the mysterious river. Houghton preceded Mungo Park in the regions of the Upper Gambia and the Niger; and Hornemann penetrated the profound abysses of Soudan, only to meet his death. But a new era had opened for African discovery; a fertile era, in which Denham, Clapperton, and Lander, made known the existence of Lake Tchad and the delta of the Niger, regions since then fully explored by Barth, Baikie, and others. But we must pass over the long array of their successors, in order to arrive at the *third* or present period, in which travellers, furnished with scientific instruments, have made us acquainted with the courses of the Zambesé and the Shiré, and with snow-clad mountains near the Equator. From them we learn that the Sahara is not a uniform desert of sand, but a plateau interspersed with hills and valleys; that the central region of Soudan is in part the bed of an ancient sea; and that, south of the Equator, there extend a series of magnificent lakes, of which Nyanza, Tanganyika, N'yassa, Shirwa, and N'gami are the principal.

Nothing of importance was done in the direction of the White Nile till 1827, when M. Linant ascended it for one hundred and twenty or two hundred miles. From his report of the resources of the countries on its banks in ivory and gums, the Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, was induced in 1840 to send out an expedition in which Arnaud and

Werne were engaged. They explored the river to Gondokoro, nearly two thousand miles from its mouth, and seven hundred and fifty miles south of Khartum, the then advanced post of civilization. They found that, about fifty miles beyond Gondokoro, navigation is no longer possible on account of rocks and rapids. From this time forward traders in ivory and slaves established themselves on the banks of the White Nile, who from time to time sent home reports entirely devoid of geographical accuracy, and in many cases distorted, from interested motives. The difficulty of procuring supplies and porters from Gondokoro, added to the impossibility of navigating the river to the southward, was so great that the idea of reaching the source of the Nile in this direction seemed hopeless, and the mystery of ages remained as dark as ever.

Just at this time, however, the geographical world was at once startled and interested by an account of the discovery of high, snow-covered mountains within a few degrees of the Equator, in South-Eastern Africa; and the existence, in the same quarter, of an immense sheet of water—a vast inland sea—the preposterous size and most improbable form of which were delineated on a map, drawn up from native accounts by the missionaries at Mombaz, on the coast of Zanguebar. These gentlemen, the Rev. MM. Krapf, Rohmann, and Erhardt, were alternately assailed as impostors or commiserated as dupes, and few had any faith in their astounding communications. These, however, served to invest the regions of South-Eastern Africa with a fresh interest. The questions of the Mountains of the Moon, whence, according to Ptolemy, the Nile has its rise, and the lake near its supposed source, which has shifted its position and altered its dimensions by many degrees in numerous maps since his time, were revived. Earnest and animated discussions followed, in which the Royal Geographical Society of London took an active part. These ended in the organization of an expedition under Burton and Speke, who left the island of Zanzibar in June, 1857. During the first month they traversed the maritime zone of Eastern Africa, a flat or slightly undulating region, the home of myriads of reptiles and insects, and the domain of endemic fever. A place called Zungoméro marks the extremity of the flat country, after

which it rises rapidly and is diversified by defiles and ravines. A bold escarpment, which appears from the coast like a meridional range of mountains, marks the eastern edge of the great interior table-land; a region watered by numerous streams, having a temperate, healthy climate, and which may yet become one of the richest countries of Africa. It is occupied by the Usagara, a negro race, who construct huts of osier wands, rear cattle, and cultivate the soil, when unmolested by the slave-hunters of the coast. The first hill they crossed, near the middle of the territory, was found to be 2,286 feet, but Rubeho Mountain at its western extremity is 5,697 feet above the sea. On descending the pass, a series of undulating plains opened up, stretching to the distant horizon: in one part the soil was burned up by the sun; in others covered by dense, almost impenetrable vegetation. On the whole, there was a greater proportion of virgin forest than of culture, more desert than forest, and fewer men than wild animals. The mean height of these plains is from 3,000 to 4,500 feet above the sea. Following a W.N.W. course, the travellers crossed the countries of Ugogo and M'Gunda, both in great part desert, and entered the fertile region of Unyamwezi, where the hills are covered with tall slender trees, the white antelope and zebra roam in the forest glades, and domestic cattle pasture in the rich plains. The name of this country was known to the Portuguese of the sixteenth century as belonging to a great negro nation of the interior who trafficked with Europeans of the coast. The native name means literally "Country of the Moon," or moon-land, and it is conjectured that this may have some relation to the Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy.\* It is described as the garden of Eastern Africa, and here all the quadrupeds peculiar to Africa are met with, including the zebra and the giraffe. The natives appear to be superior to those of other parts of the country, the population is more dense, and industry better developed. The collection of huts called the capital is said to be the chief seat of commerce in South-Eastern Africa. This place named Kazé, was found to be in lat. 5 degs. S., long. 33 degs. E., and about

four hundred miles direct from the coast of Zanguebar.

To the west of Kazé the country sinks towards the great depression of the interior. The soil is well watered, and cultivation continuous. Here rice, sugar-cane, and all the products of India, come to perfection. After a march of about two hundred miles across a territory where the rivers all flow to the westward, the travellers reached a series of heights, on the summit of which the caravan rested. From this point a brilliant line was visible across the foliage. "What is that light?" inquired Captain Burton. "I believe it is *the water*," replied the guide. It was indeed the great lake. They advanced a few paces when a view was opened up which filled them with astonishment and delight. Fatigue was forgotten,—the end seemed to be attained. The 13th February, 1858, forms an era in African discovery. At last the lake, about which Europeans had been tantalized by vague and contradictory reports for the last three hundred years, lies before them. The negroes called it Tanganyika, but the Arabs Ujiji, from the chief place on its banks. Procuring a frail fishing-bark the travellers managed to examine its northern half, but without attaining its extreme point. They were assured that a great river flows into its northern extremity, and that it is surrounded there by lofty mountains. Lake Tanganyika lies between the parallels of 3 degs. and 8 degs. south, at a distance of about six hundred miles from the coast of Zanguebar—nearly one-third of the width of the continent in this latitude, and so about twelve hundred and fifty miles from the western coast, at the mouth of the Congo or Zaire. It is about three hundred miles long, thirty to forty broad, and eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level. Its shores are elevated, its water sweet, and it abounds in fish. It appears to be the reservoir of all the surrounding streams. On its western shores are the miserable tribe of the Ubembe, who instead of cultivating the soil, the most fertile in the world, live on vermin, and devour human flesh.

After a residence of eleven weeks spent in laborious researches, and in difficulties with the chiefs, who evinced an insatiable rapacity, the expedition retraced its steps to Kazé. Speke had suffered much from fever during the first part of the journey; now it was Burton's turn. Meantime, the reports of the

\* The name is disputed by Mr. Cooley, who further maintains that the term "Mountains of the Moon" attributed to Ptolemy, is an Arabic interpolation.

Arab merchants regarding another great lake farther to the north excited their attention. It was decided that Burton should remain at Kazé, and that his companion should proceed alone to verify these statements. Accordingly, Speke, accompanied by part of the escort, set out on the 9th July, and after a march of twenty-five days, over a country which presented no serious difficulty, he arrived at the shores of a vast lake, called by the natives simply Nyanza (the water), to which he prefixed the name Victoria, in honor of the queen.\* He did not proceed beyond the southern point, which he found to be in lat. 2 degs. 44 min. S., long. 33 degs. E., and 3,553 feet above the level of the sea. It is thus 6 degs. 7 min., or four hundred and fifty miles nearly due south of the highest point on the Nile reached by Miani. The natives could tell nothing about the extension of the lake towards the north; no one had seen it, but some affirmed that it reached to the end of the world. Arab merchants asserted that the Nyanza was the source of some great river, they knew not what; but Speke, with the instinct of a true discoverer, made up his mind that it must be the White Nile. He ardently desired to proceed northwards, but duty required him to rejoin his chief. On the 25th August he was on his way back to Kazé, and finding Burton in a condition to be removed, they resumed their homeward route.

Speke describes the countries he traversed in the most favorable terms; cultivation appeared more general than in other countries he had seen, and during the six months of his journey he was on the best of terms with the natives. At that season, corresponding to our winter, the climate was healthy and the temperature mild, the greatest heat of the day never exceeding 85 degs. Fahr. No new observations were made during the five months occupied in the return from Kazé to the coast; the travellers, worn out with fatigue and febrile attacks, longed for repose. On reaching London, Captain Speke had the founder's gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society awarded to him for his important discovery. Thus the great inland sea of the missionaries, reduced to more moderate dimensions, was found to have an actual exist-

\* This distinction appears to have been rendered necessary from the similarity of the names Nyanza and Nyassa, which also means water, a similarity which must have led to the confounding of the two lakes into one.

ence, and their credit was in so far established. But the Snowy Mountains remained doubtful till June, 1861, when the Baron C. von Decken, accompanied by the English geologist, Mr. Thornton, ascended Kilima-Njaro to the height of 13,000 feet, where they saw avalanches descending from its slopes. Its elevation they state to be upwards of 20,000 feet, the upper portions being covered with perennial snow, although it is not more than 3 degs. south of the Equator. Kilima-Njaro is described, from the presence of lava, as being of volcanic origin. To the south of it a lake called Yibé is said to be thirty miles long, two to three miles broad, and nineteen hundred feet above the sea. And towards the north-north-west there is an alpine region with peaks rising to a great elevation.

Eager to return to the scene of his achievements of 1857-8, Speke was overjoyed to find in Sir R. I. Murchison a warm advocate for the completion of his discoveries, and thus, encouraged by British geographers, aided by a Government subsidy, and accompanied by his friend Captain Grant, a former companion in arms in India, he left Zanzibar on the 1st October, 1860, by the same route he had traversed in 1857 with Captain Burton. The travellers were preceded by a caravan of natives sent on to form a dépôt of goods at Kazé. They were escorted by sixty armed men from Zanzibar, engaged to carry their personal baggage for the entire journey, and a host of porters carrying beads, calico, and other articles of exchange. A detachment of Hottentot soldiers from the Cape Colony proved a great encumbrance, and were sent back. Mules and donkeys were tried and failed, and the journey was, of necessity, performed on foot. It began under the greatest discouragements: the country was parched with drought, the tribes were at war with each other, famine threatened, porters and guides absconded, and it was after great delays and privations that they reached Kazé. Here their progress was arrested for want of interpreters and carriers; and hence they sent despatches to England dated 30th September, 1861, a year after they had entered the country. In October the expedition was again on the march, with a new staff of assistants and better prospects of success. From this time, however, nothing was heard of them in England for more than a year, and the gloomiest forebodings were indulged in as to their fate.



Despatches sent by way of Zanzibar never reached home, and the first tidings of their safety was Captain Speke's telegram from Gondokoro, 15th February, 1863. But this is anticipating. From Kazé the new route lay north-north-west through the kingdom of Uzinza, an agricultural and pastoral country, and on the 1st January, 1862, we find them leaving the capital of the kingdom of Karagwé, a small territory on the western shores of the Nyanza, forming part of an extremely interesting region, which occupies the eastern slopes of a mountainous country, stretching two hundred miles to the west, and about five thousand feet above the sea. Some of its peaks are ten thousand feet high, part of the Mountains of the Moon according to Burton and Speke. Two main rivers water the territory; one, the principal feeder of the Nyanza, on the west; the other flows north-west to the little Lúta N'Zige Lake. Its climate is described as being equal to that of England in summer. It is well watered by running streams, tall grass covers the slopes of the hills, peas, beans, the sugar-cane, banana, and tobacco are abundant, and the valleys are pastured by fat cattle. The negroes of Karagwé are of a superior order, and very friendly to strangers. Captain Speke made a favorable impression on the king, who received him with the greatest kindness, supplied his wants, and gave him recommendations to the king of the adjoining country. Leaving Karagwé, our travellers crossed the river Kitangulú, and entered Uganda, "the paradise of Equatorial Africa," a well-watered region, where vegetation flourishes in the utmost luxuriance. The banana, coffee, and the date-palm abound, and the climate is mild and genial as the summer climate of the south of England. Hundreds of white, hornless cattle were seen browsing in the richest pasture lands. Speke describes the people of Uganda as the "French" of these regions, on account of their vivacity and good taste in dress and dwellings. The sultan, who has absolute authority, was acquainted with the navigation of the Nile by white men, and had received their merchandise in exchange. He was desirous of establishing a trade route from his country to Gondokoro, but the tribes on the north barred the passage. This king showed the greatest friendship to Captain Speke, who was detained five months in the country, treated with unbounded hospi-

tility, yet almost as a prisoner of state, so jealously were his movements watched until he was allowed reluctantly to pass on to the neighboring territory. North-west of Uganda, the country of Unyoro stretches to the little Lúta N'Zige Lake. This border-land, which is described as the ancient kingdom of Kitara, is in part covered with dark forests and tall rank grass, which harbors the elephant and the rhinoceros. It is chiefly peopled by inferior tribes of scantily attired negroes belonging to the peculiar Wahuma race, who subsist chiefly on grain and the sweet potato. The king, named Kamrasi, is described as morose and cruel; his chief occupations are, fattening his wives and children till they are scarcely able to stand, and exercising his authority like a despot. Among these barbarous tribes, Speke, for the first time, met with savages in a state of nudity. Up to Unyoro the language of Southern Africa sufficed the travellers, but beyond this it ceased at once, and the dialects of the north came into use. It required an entire year to pass through these three kingdoms, in which, till now, no white man had ever been seen; and so great was the desire to detain our travellers, that, in all probability they would not have effected their escape but for the numerous presents they were enabled to bestow, and the still more ample promises they made to open up commercial relations between their sable majesties and the Queen of England. Uganda is traversed on the east by the Mworango and Luyere or Luajerri Rivers, which flow north from Murchison Firth on the north-west shores of the Nyanza. East of this, about the middle of the lake on the north shore, the main branch of the White Nile leaves "Napoleon Channel," with a breadth of one hundred and fifty yards, by the "Ripon Falls," over igneous rocks twelve feet high. Speke satisfied himself that the northern shore of the Nyanza nearly coincides, in direction, with the line of the Equator, but is about twenty miles to the north of it. He supposes that formerly it covered a larger area. At present, its extent is estimated at one hundred and fifty miles in length and breadth; it is an immense reservoir of fresh sweet water of no great depth. The surface was found to be 3,553 feet above the sea-level. There are fleets of canoes on the lake, and yet there is no communication between the tribes on its opposite shores, who are quite unknown to



each other. At its north-east extremity, Lake Baringa, described by the natives as a long, narrow basin, is probably connected with the Nyanza, but in what manner remains to be discovered.

There can be little doubt that the Baringa gives rise to the Asua, a large stream which falls into the White Nile on the east, about eighty miles above Gondokoro. The country on the immediate north of the Nyanza, between the Nile and Baringa Lake, is occupied by the Usoga, Uvuma, Ukori and Amara negroes, of whom little is known except the names. Having continued his route to Murchison Firth, Speke struck off northward, some fifty miles, to a place called Kari, and crossing the Luyere River, he followed the main branch of the Nile, and came upon the Nyanza at the Ripon Falls, already noticed. This detour was rendered necessary from the disturbed state of the country. Retracing his steps northward to Kari, he rejoined the expedition, and followed the downward course of the main stream to the Karuma Falls in Chopi, about lat. 2 degs. 20 mins. north, where the river makes a great bend towards the west to join the little Lúta N'Zigé Lake at its northern extremity. The southern end of this lake is supposed to rest on the Equator; it is described as a narrow reservoir about one hundred and fifty miles in length, with a large island containing deposits of salt, towards the north. It is said to be about 2,200 feet above the sea; showing a fall of surface level to the amount of 1,353 feet in the space of one hundred and twenty miles, which intervene between it and the Nyanza. The Nile is believed to flow from the north-western point of this lake, and to turn again to the eastward till it is joined by the Asua, before noticed. Unfortunately, Speke found it impossible to follow the course of the main stream, as he ardently desired, on account of a war which was raging at the time. From the Karuma Falls the travellers saw the Nile rushing boisterously towards the west, and it must have been with heavy hearts that they turned away when within sixty or seventy miles of its entrance into the lake. They passed through the Ukidi country, following the chord of an arc to the north-north-west, and met the river again in the Madi country, near the junction of the Asua, in lat. 3 degs. 35 mins. north. Between the two extremes of the arc described

by the main stream, there is a difference of level of one thousand feet, which is to be accounted for, probably, by a series of rapids and cataracts. From the distinctive character of the river "long flats and long rapids," there was no question about its being the same White Nile they parted with at the Karuma Falls. The Asua is an important feeder of the Nile during the rainy season, but it is fordable at other times.

At De Bono's station, about lat. 3 degs. north, the party found a great many Turks, —ivory traders,—the only occupants of the place,—who received them with kindness. In a few days the travellers and traders set out together for Gondokoro, where they arrived on the 15th February. This place was found, from astronomical observation, to be in lat. 4 degs. 54 mins. 5 secs. N., long. 31 degs. 46 mins. 9 secs. E. This is in itself a most important determination, since on it depends the value of the itineraries of travellers reckoning from it as a starting-point. To their inexpressible delight the first Englishman they met with was their friend Mr. S. W. Baker, well known for his bold adventures in those regions, who came up the Nile to help them in case of need. On learning that one of the branches of the White River was still unexplored, Mr. Baker, with characteristic decision, at once resolved to set out for the examination of the famous Lake Lúta N'Zigé, which Speke and Grant, as before noticed, were not able to visit. We have since learned that after organizing a party and paying them in advance, the "Khartúm scoundrels" had, as usual, mutinied and deserted him; this was in March. More cheering news followed, and on the 12th April he had reached a point one hundred and one miles south-east of Gondokoro, on his way to the upper streams of the Sobat, under protection of a trading party. Another well-omened incident at Gondokoro was the arrival of three ladies,\* who also were emulous to succor them. With the most praiseworthy devotion, these ladies continued their voyage of geographical discovery. Accompanied by M. de Heuglin, Dr. Steudner, and a well-organized staff, they intended to steer west-

\* These ladies, Madame Tinne, her daughter, and her sister, Madame Van Capellen, daughters of the famous Dutch admiral, Van Capellen, the coadjutor of Lord Exmouth at Algiers, have, by the introduction of a small steamer on the Nile, been enabled to navigate its waters with a rapidity and ease before unknown.

ward by Lake Nô, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal (river of the Gazelles) the first, and only great affluent of the Nile which joins it on the west or left bank. It meets the main stream in the parallel of 9 degs. north. At first it has the appearance of a small marshy lake, round the entrance of which the Nile winds with considerable velocity. Between the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Khartûm the scenery of the river changes from the monotonous marshy flats infested with reptiles and *malaria*, which were its characteristic features above this point, to that of a tropical river of the New World, the richest foliage and flowers festooning its banks. The second tributary is the Giraffe, joining the Nile on the right. It falls with a swirl into the main stream, the volume of water being equal to about one-third of the Nile. Its source is quite unknown. The third tributary, also on the right, is the South Sobat, a full navigable stream, broader than the Giraffe, but not so rapid. The North Sobat was, unfortunately, passed by unobserved. The fourth tributary is the Blue River, which joins the White Nile at Khartûm in lat. 15 degs. 30 mins. N.

Speke describes the Blue Nile as a mountain-stream, emanating in the country beyond the rainy zone, but subject to the influence of tropical rains and droughts; at one time full, at another empty, or so shallow as to be fordable. He says, "the suspicion that it was the Nile must of itself appear absurd; for its waters, during the dry seasons, would be absorbed long before they reach the sea. But apart from this feature of the volume of the Blue River, the Nile runs like a sluice in its wonted course, whilst the Blue River describes a graceful sweep." The fifth and last tributary of the Nile is the Atbara, which is in all respects like the Blue River, only smaller. Beyond this the mighty fertilizer flows on in solitary grandeur through the deserts of Nubia and Egypt without a single tributary stream, between the parallels of 17 degs. and 32 degs., a distance of one thousand miles, to the Mediterranean, which it enters by the Damietta and Rosetta mouths, the only two remaining of the seven branches by which in ancient times it escaped from the Delta, the others having been filled up with the sands of ages. The arrival of the travellers inspired new life into the European colony at Khartûm. The interesting accounts they

gave of the negro nations they had visited, till then unknown, and the advantages the new countries offered for European commerce, filled every head with projects of pacific invasion.

Captains Speke and Grant arrived at Southampton on the 17th June, having been absent from England about three years. A special meeting in honor of their return was held on the 22d June, when the reception by the Royal Geographical Society was the largest and most influential ever held. On this occasion the President presented to Captain Speke the gold medal sent him by the King of Italy. Since then a similar medal has arrived for his companion, bearing the inscription, "*Al Capitano Grant, divise col Capitano Speke gloria e pericoli.*" As the earliest recognition by a foreign power of the merits of our great discoverers, this is highly creditable to his Italian Majesty, and to the distinguished geographer, Signor Negri Cristoforo, the bearer of the gifts. The travellers brought home drawings of costume and scenery, mostly by Captain Grant, with specimens of botanical and geological products, which will give great interest to the forthcoming volume of travels, now anxiously looked for. With a disinterested love of truth, worthy of the most extensive imitation, Captain Speke placed his tables of astronomical positions, the result of many days and nights of labor, unreservedly in the hands of the astronomer-royal for verification. These will give to any maps which may accompany the travels a value which will be all the more highly appreciated by the student of geography on account of their rarity. One of the most interesting results of the journey, and in some respects the most novel, is given in the table of temperatures from observations made in the countries bordering on Lake Nyanza. These reveal a condition of climate very different from what is usually understood in Europe regarding those regions. There is something startling in the fact, deduced from the most careful observation, that in Karagwé, lat. 1 deg. 40 mins. S., the temperature during five months was, on one occasion only, so high as 85 degs. Fahr.; that at 9 A.M. it ranged from 60 degs. to 71 degs., and that the nights were invariably cool. At Uganda, seventeen hundred feet lower than Karagwé, the temperature is only a little higher, but Unyoro is decidedly hotter, the maximum there being

86 degs. and the minimum 61 degs. to 72 degs. The estimated mean temperature for the whole year is 68 degs.; maximum, 82 degs.; minimum, 51 degs.; and the extreme range 49 degs. The very mild nature of the climate will be better understood by a comparison with other well-known places whose range of temperature nearly corresponds. Thus the yearly mean temperature of Funchal in Madeira, Bermuda, Gibraltar, and Cape Town, is between 67 degs. and 68 degs. The maximum, 82 degs., corresponds with the summer temperature of New Orleans and Canton, and the minimum, 51 degs., is nearly the same as the mean annual temperature of London and Vienna.

This state of the climate, so favorable to European colonization, is owing to the great elevation of the table-land: Karagwé being 5,100, Uganda, 3,400, and Unyoro, 3,200 feet above the sea-level. Then, again, the average annual rain-fall is forty-nine inches only, a surprisingly small amount of atmospheric deposition, far below that of many parts of Great Britain. This can be accounted for from the direction of the winds, and the position of the country. The prevailing winds are easterly, varying from N.E. between November and March, and E. by S. and S.E. from March to November, except in the seasons of heaviest rain-fall, when they are variable. The easterly wind causes the rain-clouds to deposit their moisture on the edge of the high eastern table-land before reaching these countries; the vast Sahara Desert on the north furnishes not one drop of moisture, and the high land of Lower Guinea intercepts the rain-clouds from the Atlantic on the west. The wet and dry seasons are not clearly marked; they are most decided during the rains of April and November.

Speke notes twenty-one days of rain or slight showers during March, but of these in eleven cases only was the amount of rain sufficient to be measured. About once a month a heavy fall of rain occurs, amounting to one or two inches, and about one-third of the annual amount falls during sudden showers and thunder-storms.

Besides fixing, by astronomical observation, the latitude and longitude of all the important points visited, and collecting numerous observations on meteorology, Captain Speke occupied himself, while in honorable durance, in writing a history of the Wahuma, whom

he considers as either Gallas or Abyssinians, who have lost their language and their religion: having no idea of a soul. With regard to the relative civilization of the kingdoms of Karagwé, Uganda, and Unyoro, Speke has no hesitation in giving the preference to the former. He represents the King Rumanika as a man of intelligence and of an inquiring mind, asking about the moon and stars, and what becomes of the old suns! Speke first taught him to shoot, and he practised diligently on his cows in the courtyard. The king had, in return, given him a great amount of geographical information. M'Tese, the King of Uganda, is an amiable young man, much occupied with field sports. He was the greatest friend of the travellers. The names of those and many other kingdoms and tribes were known to geographers by hearsay only, from Arab merchants during Speke's first journey; and no one had ever before heard of the dynasties which he enumerates, among whose kings we are told of Ware the Seventh and Rohinda the Sixth; while one of the descendants of these sovereigns is at present the master of from three to four hundred wives.

It thus appears that these gallant Indian officers have fulfilled all the conditions which, at the outset, we enumerated as requisite to entitle any one to the character of an explorer in the proper sense of the term. But, as in the case of other pioneers of geographical research, there are not wanting those who would detract from their merit, and lower their standard of desert. There are, it seems, "theoretical discoverers of the sources of the Nile," who, in their own opinion, ought to share a large portion of the glory,—there are discoverers after the fact,—and there are critical resurrectionists who bring up ghostly traditions as evidence that this is no new thing under the sun; cavillers whose distorted vision prevents their seeing merit anywhere but in their own doings. One of the most noisy of these objectors, M. Miani, a Venetian, long resident in Egypt, protests against the river of Speke being the true Nile. He having got farther south than any of the other traders, and being no observer, believed that he had reached the second degree of north latitude, where he cut his name on a tree. But he, we can readily believe, will speedily bow himself out of court when he learns that Speke, in his re-

turn northwards, came upon that very tree bearing Miani's name, and ascertained it to be not in lat. 2 deg., but in 3 degs. 30 mins. N. And since Speke traced the waters of the Nile, from 3 degs. south of the Equator, it is clear that the Venetian was never within four hundred and fifty miles of its source. We are not ignorant of what has been done, whether in more remote or more recent times, to solve the great problem of the Nile, and we would grudge no man, Portuguese, French, or German, his due meed of praise. All honor to the noble army of men who have sacrificed their ease, their fortunes, and, alas! in so many cases, their lives, in the cause of science and philanthropy; and all credit to the diligent student who, in a fair spirit, brings to light, from obscure sources, the labors of others in former times, without attempting to throw discredit on those of our own day. But the question remains, how, when all this vaunted erudition was open to men of every nation—how was it that the actual discovery was reserved for our own countrymen? Is it, in the words of a French author, writing before Speke's explorations were known, because "*les découvreurs* par excellence, les Anglais, sont à l'œuvre en effet?"

We have seen that one of the chief sources of the Nile flows through Karagwé eastward to the Victoria Nyanza, and, according to native report, confirmed by the nature of the ground; the sources of Livingstone's Shiré are also to be found here. Its head waters are supposed to lie among the streams which flow into Lake Tanganyika at its northern, and out of it at its southern, extremity; thence it may find its way south-eastward to the Lake Nyanja or Nyassa, from the southern end of which it has been traced to its outlet in the Zambesé. For our knowledge of this river and lake, as well as that of the other Lake Shirwa, and the River Rovuma, we are indebted to David Livingstone, to whose noble exertions, in the course of fifteen years, we owe the renovation of the map of Southern Africa. After having completed his researches in the vast basin of the Zambesé, 1852-56, with which our readers are acquainted through his "*Missionary Travels in Africa*," Dr. Livingstone ascended the Shiré by means of a small steamer in 1859. He found it a fine stream with a breadth of one hundred and sixty yards and a depth of

ten or twelve feet. On this occasion he discovered the Shirwa, a lake two hundred miles long, and fifty broad. Its surface is estimated at fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the sea, and like Tanganyika it is surrounded by verdant mountains, one of which, Mount Zomba, on the west, is eight thousand feet in elevation. It was in the vicinity of this mountain that the members of the University Mission were located. The water of the lake is brackish, and we are told that fish, leeches, alligators, and hippopotami abound. In August, 1861, Dr. Livingstone and his party proceeded to explore Lake Nyassa, ascending the Shiré, and passing through a valley with numerous villages, surrounded by plantations. They managed to carry a four-oared boat in three weeks over a series of rapids and rocky barriers, which were named "*Murchison Cataracts*." These extend over thirty-five miles of latitude, and the total fall, in this interval, is estimated at twelve hundred feet. Having surmounted these obstacles, the travellers launched the boat in the upper waters of the Shiré, and were soon rewarded by floating on the bosom of Lake Nyassa, or the "*Star Lake*," which they reached on the 2d September, accompanied by twenty natives. They explored the western shores for about two hundred miles, part of the expedition travelling on foot, and part in the boat.

So sudden and violent were the storms that swept the surface of the lake, that they could not venture far from the shore, but they were enabled to measure its breadth by rough triangulation when the opposite side was visible. "*The lake has something of the boot-shape of Italy*:" it is narrowest at the ankle, where it is twenty miles, and it increases gradually to fifty or sixty miles in width. Its surface is estimated at about twelve hundred feet above the sea, and it is three hundred and fifty miles inland from the coast of Mozambique. Nothing certain could be learned about its northern extremity, but it is supposed to extend beyond the parallel of 10 degs. S.; its southern extremity is in lat. 14 degs. 25 min. S. Most of the land near the lake is low and marshy; here it is tenanted by water-fowl, and roamed over by the elephant. At a distance of eight or ten miles there are ranges of high and well-wooded granite hills. The depth of the lake is indicated by the changing color of its surface.

Near shore it is bright green, and towards the centre it is deep blue like the sea. A sounding line of two hundred fathoms failed to reach the bottom within a mile of the coast. The temperature of the water, which is sweet and full of fish, was 72 degs. Fahr. Five small streams were observed to enter the Nyassa on the west side, within the space travelled over.

In the rainy season the surface of the lake rises about three feet. The natives of its southern shores are of one tribe and language. Their villages are reared so close together as frequently to form a continuous line of habitations. These industrious negroes are good cultivators of the soil and hardy fishermen. They behaved with considerable civility to our travellers, and did not exact the customary dues for passing through their territory. The slave trade is carried on with activity, and Dr. Livingstone observed an Arab-built "dhow," or boat, on the lake, used for ferrying the victims of this nefarious traffic across its waters. The Rovuma River has been a subject of much discussion, and its origin is still doubtful. Dr. Livingstone thinks it comes from some lake as yet unknown. It falls into the Indian Ocean, in lat. 10 degs. 28 min. S., twelve miles north-west of Cape Delgado, with an entrance one mile in width. The expedition reached thirty miles up the river when the water began to fall so rapidly that they were obliged to return. The navigation is intricate, and the down current is at the rate of three knots per hour. The rise and fall is more than six feet, and the water becomes very muddy.

It has been argued that these are not original discoveries, since the Shiré is mentioned by more than one Portuguese traveller, and the lake, under the name of the Maravi, figures on the maps of D'Anville; but the vague and imperfect accounts of the Portuguese were so little valued in Europe that the lake was effaced from our maps of Africa, and so the positive results of Dr. Livingstone's explorations are, in the circumstances, equivalent to a discovery.

By the latest accounts from South Africa, we are grieved to learn that the prospects of the Universities' Mission were very gloomy. A famine, caused by drought, prevailed over the whole region, and the consequent mortality was very great.

It appears that the Rev. Mr. Steward,

finding that Dr. Livingstone's expedition was delayed, had made an attempt in July last year, to reach Lake Nyassa by himself, but had been compelled to turn back from the impossibility of procuring food. He had again in September ascended the Zambesé beyond Tetté, but was again forced to return, from the same cause. Dr. Livingstone ascended the Zambesé in December, and in January this year he had reached the Shiré—the small steamer *Nyassa* being towed up by the *Pioneer*. In February, he was within thirty miles of the lake. Unfortunately, both vessels had grounded on a sandbank, and there had been much fever and sickness among the crews, still Dr. Livingstone hoped to push his way overland with the small steamer, and thus to complete the much-desired exploration of the Star Lake.

These expeditions, as shown by a communication from Mr. C. Livingstone, have developed unlimited tracts of land adapted for the growth of cotton, and others for sugar-cane; the best for both being near the sea-coast, which enjoys a healthy climate, and is thickly peopled by a native race, already engaged in their cultivation. All that is needed, he argues, is the development of branches of industry already existing, in accomplishing which the slave trade would be broken, and its victims turned to industry at home. The Milange hills, seven thousand feet high, commanding the upper and lower valleys of the Shiré, and having a good soil and climate, free from the scourge of the tsetse fly, are the best suited for a settlement conducted by Europeans. The lower valley of the Shiré is one hundred miles in length, and twenty in average width, with hills on both sides. Its soil is of the richest description, producing, in the north, the banana, sugar-cane, cassava, and the sweet potato; in the south rice is extensively grown. Every village has its plantation of cotton grown for the manufacture of cloth, in which all are engaged, from the chief to the poorest of the people. They would gladly exchange the raw material for English goods to replace their own hand-made cloth. Among other vegetable productions, lignum-vitæ, ebony, and India-rubber are abundant, and the indigo plant grows wild. Magnetic iron ore is found in great abundance, and from it the natives make implements of agriculture and of war.

Leaving the vast Mediterranean of lakes on



the south-east, we shall now turn for a little to the opposite side of the continent, the great Sahara\* of the north-west, which covers a space equal, at least, to the whole of Europe, and presents a barrier like that of the ocean to the attempts of explorers. The lively imagination of the Arab, indeed, has long since led him to denominate the desert the "sea without water," and there is more than a fanciful resemblance. Like the ocean the desert has its dread immensity, its moving waves, its tempests, its archipelagos of verdant isles, emerging from the sand as from the bosom of the deep. It has its pilots as well as its pirates. The camel is the "ship of the desert," with an oasis for its port of refuge, and caravans are its fleets. It is by the aid of the compass and the stars that travellers navigate the sea of sand as they do the liquid ocean. It has, in fine, its shipwrecks, and, in proportion to its extent, the desert has engulfed in its sandy shroud almost as many victims as the ocean has swallowed in its waves.

From the proximity of their African possessions the French have a deep interest in ascertaining the character and capabilities of the desert, and they have not neglected their opportunities. Since their occupation of Algeria, many desultory attempts have been made to penetrate the arid regions on the south. Of these the journey of Bonnemain to Ghadames, in 1856, was among the most fruitful in results. In 1853, the mission of Boudierba to the Tuaries and to Ghât conveyed the earliest information regarding the Sahara of Berber, a region extending over nearly one thousand miles, till then unexplored. His special object was the opening up of new fields of commerce with the Arabs, in which he appears to have been successful. During his residence of a week at Ghât caravans arrived daily from Tripoli, Fezzan, and Egypt, and he remarks that the merchandise was, for the greater part, of English production. But the most important of these travellers is Mons. Henri Duveyrier, a young man thoroughly trained and full of ardor. He left Paris in

the beginning of 1859, with the intention of exploring the entire extent of the Algerian and Maroccan Sahara, to study its geography and physical characteristics, and to fix the principal points by astronomical observation,—one of the greatest desiderata of our maps. But circumstances prevented his advance towards the west; and after a fruitless attempt in the direction of Tawat, he concentrated his researches on the parts of the Sahara to the south of Algeria and Tunis. In these regions his travels have led to the acquisition of many interesting facts, and from his letters we are warranted in expecting that his forthcoming book will be rich in scientific details. Mons. Duveyrier spent more than a year in his first explorations, when, in 1860, he returned to Biskra, a post in the south of Algeria, where the Government engaged him officially to proceed to Ghât, in order to renew the negotiations begun by Boudierba. He followed the route by Ghadames, and at Ghât he was indebted to the courage of a chief friendly to his nation, for opening to him its gates. In 1861, Mons. Duveyrier returned to Algeria by Mourzuk and Tunis, and re-entered France in 1862. He is now engaged in preparing for the press an account of his first explorations. These extend over vast spaces, a large part of which had never been visited by any European. On this account, as well as for his astronomical determination of places, investigations into the nature and configuration of the service, and the distribution and home life of the indigenous population, the Geographical Society of Paris have resolved to confer on him their gold medal as soon as his book is completed.

It is interesting to notice the points of resemblance between Speke and Duveyrier. They have both been traversing unexplored regions of Africa at the same time, unknown to each other; both are young and equally imbued with the most ardent desire to return to the scene of their former exploits. From both, revelations of the deepest interest are expected, and each declares himself prepared to resume the pilgrim's staff as soon as he is enabled to lay down the pen.

Let us now apply the facts deduced from the above and other sources, to the correction of certain notions, as erroneous as they are wide spread, on the subject of the African Sahara. The desert used to be described as a nearly level sandy plain; this plain, it is

\* Sah'ra or Zahra is an Arabic word meaning desert. See Lucien Dubois' "Le Pole et L'Equateur," 1863; "L'Année Géographique," by Vivien St. Martin, 1863; "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie," 1863; "Nouvelles Annales des Voyages," 1863; "Mittheilungen," von Justus Perthes, Gotha, 1863; "Zeitschrift für Allgemeine Erdkunde," Berlin, 1863.

now ascertained, does not exist, except at its eastern and western extremities. The central portions rise, in the form of terraces, to nine hundred or twelve hundred feet above the valleys of the Atlas and Soudan. They are interspersed with ravines and granite hills. Barth speaks of mountains four thousand or five thousand feet in height. In general, however, the surface of the desert is flat or slightly undulating; in some places covered with a thick bed of sand, in others hard and flinty.

Humboldt long since suggested that the Sahara has always been what it is now, an arid desert, the bed of a former sea; elevated by one of those great geological convulsions by which the present surface of our globe was fashioned. And its every aspect confirms this opinion. The traveller, almost at every step, meets with mounds of fossil shells and other debris of marine animals. There are immense deposits of rock salt, the quarrying of which gives rise to an active trade with Soudan.\* In some places this is in blocks as pure as marble, and so compact as to serve in the construction of houses. The efflorescence of nitre and saltpetre is almost everywhere apparent. The same geological appearances are found in all the deserts of the globe: in the pampas and llanos of South America, the deserts of the Caspian, and the great Salt Lake of Utah. To these striking proofs of the combined Neptunian and Plutonic influences to which the Sahara appears to have been subjected, must be added numerous beds of rolled flints, and rocks which present surfaces rounded and smoothed by the action of water.

Imagination delights to people the desert with lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals. In reality these animals are met with only in the forests of the oases, where alone they can find food and water. Like the gazelle, the antelope, and the buffalo, they fly those wastes where they would perish of hunger and thirst. The lion is the king of the desert only in poetry. Man is the true wild animal with whom the traveller dreads an

encounter, and bandits infest every caravan route in the Sahara. The ostrich, thanks to his extreme abstinence, sometimes ventures far from the oasis with impunity; and the *shob*, a great lizard, covered with brilliant scales, lives, from choice, in the midst of the burning, sterile sands of the Sahara. The Arabs say that a single drop of water would suffice to kill this salamander of the desert. The Sahara is not always destitute of moisture. In passing between the tropics, the sun carries with him heavily-laden nimbus clouds, —an aerial sea of vapor,—which, not meeting with any mountains high enough to condense and cause it to fall at intervals, descends occasionally by its own gravity, in gushing torrents, which fill every ravine. It is a deluge which lasts but for a moment; the water disappears in the permeable soil as rapidly as it came. And where is it arrested? This question is answered by numerous soundings in the Algerian Sahara, which have revealed the existence of extensive sheets of water at a short distance below the surface. Already excellent Artesian wells sunk by the French engineers have created verdant oases in places where every vestige of vegetation appeared to be eternally buried in a shroud of sand. But these hidden lakes, on which the desert partly reposes, are not a recent discovery. From time immemorial, the Arabs have sunk in the open desert wells several hundred feet in depth till they met the watery bed, which they called the *subterranean sea*. It is known that an Artesian well was sunk in the Libyan desert, on the route to the gold mines between Egypt and Ethiopia, in the reign of Rhameses II. That is many thousand years before the name, or the object it implied, was known to the people of Artois.\*

Closely connected with the French exploration of the Sahara is the journey of Mons. Jules Gérard, who has made himself famous at the expense of the leonine race. His chief objects are to trace out the sources of the Niger in the footsteps of Mungo Park,† Laing, and Caillié; and to visit Timbuctoo, the latest

\* Barth joined the caravan which annually in November conveys salt from the rich salines of Bilma to Soudan. The caravan comprised at least 3,500 camels, with a proportionate accompaniment of men, women, and children; cattle, asses, and goats. He estimates the value of the salt in the caravan at 60,000 Spanish ducats. Soudan furnishes grain in exchange.

\* Artesian wells are so named from their having been first employed, in modern times, in the old province of Artois, France.

† It is now more than half a century (November, 1805) since the brave Scottish surgeon and his companions perished in the Niger, that unknown river which he resolved to follow to the sea, or lose his life in the attempt. His mysterious death recalls the fate of La Perouse, Sir John Franklin, and Vogel.

European visitor to which was Dr. Barth, who entered it on the 7th September, 1853.

At Timbuctoo, Gérard hopes to organize commercial relations between the traders of that teeming centre of population and the colony of Algeria, to which he expects to return with one of the native caravans. He has received every encouragement from the Royal Geographical Society of London, the Council of which has furnished him with instructions, and granted him the loan of instruments.

M. Paul du Chaillu has returned to his former field on the Gaboon, this time well prepared, by diligent study of the use of instruments, to make accurate observations. He has shown his earnestness in the cause of geographical research by freighting and storing a ship at his own expense, and is now on his way to the west coast of Africa, intending to penetrate to the eastward, through the dark forests inhabited by the gorilla, and, if possible, to gain the great mountain chain which is supposed to extend in an easterly direction, along the line of the Equator, of which the Sierra del Crystal of the Portuguese is the north-western termination.

Thus Africa, so long regarded as impenetrable, is at last open at all points to earnest investigators. The veil which has for so many ages hidden the interior is being gradually withdrawn, and the day appears to have dawned that will scatter the thick darkness in the effulgence of its noonday sun. We cannot now say with Lucan, "O Nile, nature has hid thy sources in order that men may not see thee feeble and small."

What a host of explorers have in our day been at work in this great field, many of whom are laboring there still! In the north, there occur to us the names of Barth, Overweg, Richardson, and Vogel—three of whom have fallen victims to their devotion to science—and the latest explorer of the desert, Henri Duveyrier. In the south, the hardy Swedish hunter, Andersson, and his rival Ladislaus Magyar, and above all, the illustrious Livingstone, who has been called the Columbus of Southern Africa. In the east, Massaga, Paul des Arranches, and the missionaries, Krapf, Erhardt, and Rebmann, who may be said to have prepared the way for the discoveries of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Von Decken.

In the regions of the Upper Nile a perfect legion of explorers, of all nations, have been urgently demanding of the ancient river the key to its mysterious origin. Among these are Lejean, Brun-Rollet, Peney,—another victim to the climate,—Vayssière, Malzac, Miani, Poncey, Trémaux, Knobbecher, Angelo Vinco, Burton, Speke, Grant, and others. In the west, we have Du Chaillu and Richard Burton, the celebrated traveller, now British Consul at Fernando Po, who at the end of 1861 ascended the Cameroon Mountains in the Bight of Biafra, and found them to be a mass of volcanic formation, the craters of which are not yet quite extinct. Snow fell on their sides, but did not remain. The two principal summits he named Victoria and Albert.

Elephants, monkeys, and nondescript monsters have long been absolved from the necessity of doing duty as representatives of towns and villages in Africa, and the spaces marked "unexplored" in the more conscientious modern maps have been greatly circumscribed. Still there is room enough for new discovery. Between the parallels of 10 degs. north and 8 degs. south of the Equator there is a compact mass of territory entirely unexplored. On the east it is bounded by the western feeders of the Nile, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the highlands surrounding Lake Tanganyika: on the west by the Cameroon Mountains, the gorilla country of the Gaboon, and Lower Guinea. From high lands somewhere in the interior of this vast area flow the streams which reach the sea by the Congo or Zaire on the south-west, and those which empty into Lake Tchad on the north.

If the Niam Niam, the "tailed man," whose existence has been seriously discussed, be not a myth, if the unicorn exists anywhere except as a supporter of the British royal arms, if nature still conceals in her recesses such monsters born of her convulsions, it is surely here that they must be sought for. Here is the greatest existing blank on our maps, and it is to this region, we are assured, that the discoverer of the upper waters of the Nile has resolved to transfer the scene of his adventures. May he be enabled to accomplish this gigantic enterprise, and so lay his country and the world under an additional debt of gratitude!

## THE RETURN OF REBELLIOUS STATES TO THE UNION.

LETTER FROM HON. WM. WHITING.

*To the Union League of Philadelphia:—*

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter has been received, in which you have done me the honor of requesting me to address the members of the Union League of Philadelphia upon subjects connected with the present state of public affairs.

I have expected, until recently, to be able to comply with your invitation; but, as my engagements will, for the present, place it out of my power to do so, I beg permission to make a few suggestions for your consideration upon the dangers of the country in the present crisis of public affairs.

## TWO FOLD WAR.

However brilliant the success of our military operations has been, the country is encompassed by dangers. Two wars are still waged between the citizens of the United States—a war of Arms and a war of Ideas. Achievements in the field cannot much outstrip our moral victories. While we fix our attention upon the checkered fortunes of our heroic soldiers, and trace their marches over hills and valleys made memorable through all time by their disasters or their triumphs; while we are filled with alternating hopes and fears, with exultations and disappointments; while our brothers and sons rush joyfully to the post of danger and of honor, although the mourning weeds of the mother and sister record in the family the tearful glory of the fallen brave; while the movements of our vast armies, in all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war—the thunder of their guns—the news of their brilliant successes fill the head and heart, let us not forget that there is another war, waged by men not less brave, for victories not less renowned than those which are won on battle-fields.

The deadliest struggle is between civilization and barbarism—Freedom and Slavery—republicanism and aristocracy—loyalty and treason.

The true patriot will watch with profound interest the fortunes of this intellectual and moral conflict, because the issue involves the country's safety, prosperity, and honor. If victory shall crown the efforts of those brave men who believe and trust in God, then shall all this bloody sacrifice be consecrated, and

the years of suffering shall exalt us among the nations; if we fail, no triumph of brute force can compensate the world for our unfathomable degradation.

Let us, then, endeavor to appreciate the difficulties of our present position.

## BREAKERS AHEAD.

Of several subjects to which, were it now in my power, I would ask your earnest attention, I can speak of one only.

As the success of the Union cause shall become more certain and apparent to the enemy in various localities, they will lay down arms and cease fighting. Their bitter and deep-rooted hatred of the Government and of all Northern men who are not traitors, and of all Southern men who are loyal, will still remain interwoven in every fibre of their hearts, and will be made, if possible, more intense by the humiliation of conquest and subjection. The foot of the conqueror planted upon their proud necks will not sweeten their tempers, and their defiant and treacherous nature will seek to revenge itself in murders, assassinations, and all underhand methods of venting a spite which they dare not manifest by open war, and in driving out of their borders all loyal men. To suppose that a Union sentiment will remain in any considerable number of men, among a people who have strained every nerve and made every sacrifice to destroy the Union, indicates dishonesty, insanity, or feebleness of intellect.

The slaveholding inhabitants of the conquered districts will begin by claiming the right to exercise the powers of government, and, under their construction of State rights, to get control of the lands, personal property, slaves, free blacks, and poor whites, and a legalized power, through the instrumentality of State laws, made to answer their own purposes, to oppose and prevent the execution of the Constitution and laws of the United States, within districts of the country inhabited by them.

Thus, for instance, when South Carolina shall have ceased fighting, she will say to the President, "We have now laid down our arms; we submit to the authority of the United States Government. You may restore your custom-houses, your courts of justice; and, if we hold any public property, we give it up; we now have chosen Senators and Representatives to Congress, and demand

their admission, and the full establishment of all our State rights and our restoration to all our former privileges and immunities as citizens of the United States."

This demand is made by men who are traitors in heart; men who hate and despise the Union; men who never had a patriotic sentiment; men who, if they could, would hang every friend of the Government. But, for the sake of getting power into their own hands by our concession, which they could not obtain by fighting, and, for the sake of avoiding the penalty of their national crimes, they will demand restoration to the Union under the guise of claiming State rights.

#### CONSEQUENCES OF BEING OUTWITTED BY REBELS.

What will be the consequence of yielding to this demand?

Our public enemy will gain the right of managing their affairs according to their will and pleasure, and not according to the will and pleasure of the people of the United States.

They will be enabled by the intervention of their State laws and State courts to put and maintain themselves in effectual and perpetual opposition to the laws and Constitution of the United States, as they have done for thirty-five years past. They will have the power to pass such local laws as will effectually exclude from the Slave States all Northern men, all soldiers, all free blacks, and all persons and things which shall be inconsistent with the theory of making slavery the corner-stone of their local government; and they may make slavery perpetual, in violation of the laws of the United States and proclamations of the President. They may continue the enforcement of those classes of laws against free speech and freedom of the press, which will forever exclude popular education and all other means of moral, social, and political advancement.

They may send back to Congress the same traitors and conspirators who have once betrayed the country into civil war, and who will thwart and embarrass all measures tending to restore the Union by harmonizing the interests and the institutions of the people; and so, being introduced into camp, as the wooden horse into Troy, they will gain by fraud and treason that which they could not achieve by feats of arms. The insanity of State-rights doctrines will be nourished and

strengthened by admitting back a conquered people to our equals, and its baneful influence cannot be estimated!

To satisfy *them*, the solemn pledge of freedom offered to the colored citizens by Congress and by the Proclamation must be broken, and the country and the Government covered with unspeakable infamy, so that even foreign nations might then justly consider us guilty of treachery to the cause of humanity and civilization.

Suppose, to-day, the rebellion quelled and the question put, Will you now give to your enemy the power of making your laws?

Eastern Virginia, Florida, and Louisiana are now knocking at the door of Congress for admission into the Union. Men come to Washington, chosen by a handful of associates; elevated, by revolution, to unaccustomed dignity; representing themselves as Union men, and earnest to have State rights bestowed on their constituents.

If their constituents are clothed with the power to constitute a State, into whose hands will that power fall?

Beware of committing yourselves to the fatal doctrine of recognizing the existence, in the Union, of States which have been declared by the President's proclamation to be in rebellion. For, by this new device of the enemy,—this new version of the poisonous State-rights doctrine,—the Secessionists will be able to get back by fraud what they failed to get by fighting. Do not permit them, without proper safeguards, to resume in your counsels in the Senate and in the House the power which their treason has stripped from them.

Do not allow old States, with their Constitutions still unaltered, to resume State powers.

Be true to the Union men of the South, not to the designing politicians of the Border States. The rebellious States contain ten times as many traitors as loyal men. The traitors will have a vast majority of the votes. Clothed with State rights under our Constitution, they will crush out every Union man by the irresistible power of their legislation. If you would be true to the Union men of the South, you must not bind them hand and foot, and deliver them over to their bitterest enemies.

#### STATE RIGHTS IN CIVIL WAR.

Beware of entangling yourselves with the technical doctrine of forfeitures of State rights, as such doctrines admit, by necessary



implication, the operation of a code of laws and of corresponding civil rights, the existence of which you deny.

The solution of all our difficulty rests in the enforcement against our public enemy of our belligerent rights of civil war.

**ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT, IN THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR, TOWARDS THE REBELS, AND TOWARDS LOYAL MEN IN REBEL DISTRICTS.**

When the insurrection commenced by illegal acts of Secession, and by certain exhibition of force against the Government, in distant parts of the country, it was supposed that the insurgents might be quelled and peace restored without requiring a large military force, and without involving those who did not actively participate in overt acts of treason.

Hence the Government, relying upon the patriotism of the people, and confident in its strength, exhibited a generous forbearance toward the insurrection.

When, at last, 75,000 of the militia were called out, the President, still relying upon the Union sentiment of the South, announced his intention not to interfere with loyal men: but, on the contrary, to regard their rights as still under the protection of the Constitution. The action of Congress was in accordance with the policy. The war waged by this Government was then a personal war—a war against rebels—a war prosecuted in the hope and belief that the body of the people were still friendly to the Union, who, temporarily overborne, would soon right themselves by the aid of the army. Hence Congress declared and the President proclaimed that it was not their object to injure loyal men, or to interfere with their rights or their domestic institutions.

**THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS CHANGED THE CHARACTER OF THE WAR, AND REQUIRED THE USE OF MORE EFFECTIVE WAR POWERS.**

This position of the Government toward the rebellious States was forbearing and magnanimous and just, while the citizens thereof were generally loyal. But the revolution swept onward. The entire circle of the Southern States abandoned the Union, and carried with them all the Border States which they could influence or control.

Having set up a new government for themselves; having declared war against us; having sought foreign alliances; having passed acts of non-intercourse; having seized pub-

lic property and made attempts to invade States which refused to serve their cause; having raised and maintained large armies and an incipient navy; assuming, in all respects, to act as an independent, hostile nation at war with the United States—claiming belligerent rights as an independent people alone could claim them, and offering to enter into treaties of alliance with foreign countries and of treaties of peace with ours—under these circumstances they were no longer merely insurgents and rebels, but became a belligerent public enemy. The war was no longer against “certain persons” in the rebellious States. It became a territorial war—that is to say, a war by all persons situated in the belligerent territory against the United States.

**CONSEQUENCES RESULTING FROM CIVIL TERRITORIAL WAR.**

If we were in a war with England, every Englishman would become a public enemy irrespective of his personal feelings toward America. However friendly he might be toward America, his ships on the sea would be liable to capture; himself would be liable to be killed in battle, or his property situated in this country would be subject to confiscation.

By a similar rule of the law of nations, whenever two nations are at war, every subject of one belligerent nation is a public enemy of the other.

An individual may be a personal friend and at the same time a public enemy to the United States. The law of war defines international relations.

When the civil war in America became a territorial war, every citizen residing in the belligerent districts became a public enemy, irrespective of his private sentiments, whether loyal or disloyal, friendly or hostile, Unionist or Secessionist, guilty or innocent.

As public enemies, the belligerents have claimed to be exchanged as prisoners of war, instead of admitting our right to hang them as murderers and pirates. As public enemies they claim the right to make war upon us, in plain violation of many of the obligations they would have admitted if they acknowledged the obligations or claimed the protection of our Constitution.

If they had claimed any State rights, under our Constitution, they would not have violated every one of the provisions thereof, limiting the powers of States. Asserting no such

rights, they claim immunity from all obligations as States, or as a people—to this Government or to the United States.

**WHEN DID THE REBELLION BECOME A TERRITORIAL WAR?**

This case has been settled in the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the *Hiawatha*, decided on the 9th of March, 1863. In that case, which should be read and studied by every citizen of the Union, the members of the court differed in opinion as to the time when the war became territorial. The majority decided that, when the fact of general hostilities existed, the war was territorial, and the Supreme Court was bound to take judicial cognizance thereof. The minority argued that, as Congress alone had power to declare war, so Congress alone has power to recognize the existence of war; and they contended that it was not until the act of Congress of July 13, 1861, commonly called the non-intercourse act, that a state of civil, territorial war was legitimately recognized. All the judges agree in the position "that, since July 13, 1861, there has existed, between the United States and the Confederate States, civil, territorial war."

**WHAT ARE THE RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC ENEMY SINCE THE REBELLION BECAME A TERRITORIAL CIVIL WAR.**

The Supreme Court have decided in the case above named in effect:—

"That since that time the United States have full, belligerent rights against all persons residing in the districts declared by the President's proclamation to be in rebellion."

*That the laws of war, "whether that war be civil or inter gentes, converts every citizen of the hostile State into a public enemy, and treats him accordingly, whatever may have been his previous conduct."*

That all the rights derived from the laws of war may now, since 1861, be lawfully and constitutionally exercised against all the citizens of the districts in rebellion.

**RIGHTS OF REBELS AS PERSONS, AS CITIZENS OF STATES, AND AS SUBJECTS OF THE UNITED STATES, ARE, ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION, TO BE SETTLED BY THE LAWS OF WAR.**

Such being the law of the land, as declared by the Supreme Court, in order to ascertain what are the legal or constitutional rights of public enemies, we have only to refer to the settled principles of the belligerent law of nations or the laws of war.

Some of the laws of war are stated in the dissenting opinion in the case above mentioned.

A state of foreign war instantly annuls the most solemn treaties between nations. It terminates all obligations in the nature of compacts or contracts, at the option of the party obligated thereby. It destroys all claims of one belligerent upon the other, except those which may be sanctioned by a treaty of peace. A civil territorial war has the same effect, excepting only that the sovereign may treat the rebels as subjects as well as belligerents.

Hence civil war, in which the belligerents have become territorial enemies, instantly annuls all rights or claims of public enemies against the United States, under the Constitution or laws, whether that Constitution be called a compact, a treaty, or a covenant, and whether the parties to it were States, in their sovereign capacity, or the people of the United States as individuals.

Any other result would be as incomprehensible as it would be mischievous. A public enemy cannot, lawfully, claim the right of entering Congress and voting down the measures taken to subdue him.

Why not? Because he is a public enemy; because, by becoming a public enemy, he has annulled and lost his rights in the Government, and can never regain them, excepting by our consent.

If the inhabitants of a large part of the Union have, by becoming public enemies, surrendered and annulled their former rights, the question arises can they recover them? Such rights cannot be regained by reason of their having ceased to fight. The character of a public enemy, having once been stamped upon them by the laws of war, remains fixed until it shall have been, by our consent, removed.

To stop fighting does not make them cease to be public enemies, because they may have laid down their arms for want of powder, not for want of will. Peace does not restore the noble dead who have fallen a sacrifice to treason. Nor does it revive the rights once extinguished by civil, territorial war. The land of the Union belongs to the people of the United States, subject to the rights of individual ownership. Each person inhabiting those sections of the country declared by the President's proclamation to be in rebellion has

the right to what belongs to a public enemy, and no more. He can have no right to take any part in our Government. That right does not belong to an enemy of the country, while he is waging war, or after he has been subdued. A public enemy has a right to participate in or to assume the Government of the United States only when he has conquered the United States. We find in this well-settled doctrine of belligerent law the solution of all questions in relation to State rights. After the inhabitants of a district have become public enemies, they have no rights, either state or personal, against the United States. They are belligerents only, and have left to them only belligerent rights.

#### STATE RIGHTS ARE NOT APPURTENANT TO LAND.

Suppose that all the inhabitants living in South Carolina should be swept off, so that solitude should reign throughout its borders, unbroken by any living thing; would the State rights of South Carolina still exist as attached to the land itself?

Can there be a sovereignty without a people, or a State without inhabitants? State rights, so far as they concern the Union, are the rights of persons, as members of a State, in relation to the general Government; and when the person has become a public enemy, then he loses all rights except the rights of war. And when *all* the inhabitants have (by engaging in civil, territorial war) become public enemies, it is the same, in legal effect, as though the inhabitants had been annihilated. So far as this Government is concerned, civil territorial war obliterates all lines of States or counties; the only lines recognized by war are the lines which separate us from a public enemy.

#### FORFEITURE NOT CLAIMED—THE RIGHT OF SECESSION NOT ADMITTED, SINCE CITIZENS MAY BE DEEMED BELLIGERENTS AND SUBJECTS.

I do not place reliance upon the common law doctrine of forfeitures of franchises as applicable to this revolution, for forfeitures can be founded only upon the admission of the validity of the act on which forfeiture is founded.

Nor does the belligerent law of civil, territorial war, whereby a public enemy loses his rights as a citizen, admit the right of Secession. It is not any vote or law of Secession that makes an individual a public enemy. A person may commit heinous offences

against municipal law, and commit acts of hostility against the Government, without being a public enemy. To be a personal enemy is not to be a public enemy to the country, in the eye of belligerent or international law. Who so engages in an insurrection is a personal enemy, but it is not until that insurrection has swelled into territorial war, that he becomes a public enemy.

It must also be remembered that the right of Secession is not conceded by enforcement of belligerent law, since in civil war a nation has the right to treat its citizens either as subjects or belligerents, or as both. Hence, while belligerent law destroys all claims of subjects engaged in civil war, as against the parent government, it does not release the subject from his duties to that government. By war, the subject loses his rights, but does not escape his obligations.

The inhabitants of the conquered districts will thus lose their right to govern us, but will not escape their obligations to obey us. Whatever rights are left to them besides the rights of war will be such as we choose to allow them. It is for us to dictate to them, not for them to dictate to us, what privileges they shall enjoy.

#### THE PLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY TO ITS SOLDIERS, ITS CITIZENS, AND ITS SUBJECTS MUST BE KEPT INVIOLENT.

Among the war measures sanctioned by the President, to which he has, more than once, pledged his sacred honor, and which Congress has enforced by solemn laws, is the liberation of slaves. The Government has invited them to share the dangers, the honor, and the advantages of sustaining the Union, and has pledged itself to the world for their freedom.

Whatever disasters may befall our arms, whatever humiliation may be in store for us, it is earnestly hoped that we may be saved the unfathomable infamy of breaking the nation's faith with Europe, and with colored citizens and slaves in the Union.

Now, if the rebellious States shall attempt to return to the Union with constitutions guaranteeing the perpetuity of slavery—if the laws of these States shall be again revived and put in force against free blacks and slaves, we shall at once have reinstated in the Union, in all its force and wickedness, that very curse which has brought on the war and all its terrible train of sufferings. The war is

fought by slaveholders for the perpetuity of slavery. Shall we hand over to them, at the end of the war, just what they have been fighting for? Shall all our blood and treasure be spilled uselessly upon the ground? Shall the country not protect itself against the evil which has caused all our woes? Will you breathe new life into the strangled serpent, when, without your aid he will perish?

If you concede State rights to your enemies what security can you have that traitors will not pass State laws which will render the position of the blacks intolerable; or reduce them all to slavery?

Would it be honorable on the part of the United States to free these men and then hand them over to the tender mercies of the slave laws?

Will it be possible that State slave laws should exist and be enforced by Slave States without overriding the rights guaranteed by the United States law to men, irrespective of color, in the Slave States?

Will you run the risk of these angry collisions of State and national laws while you

have the remedy and antidote in your own hands?

One of two things should be done in order to keep faith with the country and save us from obvious peril.

Allow the inhabitants of conquered territory to form themselves into States, only by adopting constitutions such as will forever remove all cause of collision with the United States, by excluding slavery therefrom, or continue military government over the conquered district until there shall appear therein a sufficient number of loyal inhabitants to form a Republican Government, which, by guaranteeing freedom to all, shall be in accordance with the true spirit of the Constitution of the United States. These safeguards of freedom are requisite to render permanent the domestic tranquillity of the country which the Constitution, itself, was formed to secure, and which it is the legitimate object of this war to maintain.

With great respect, your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM WHITING.

WASHINGTON, July 28, 1863.

THE Statistical Congress at its recent meeting in Berlin, pronounced itself greatly in favor of the foundation of international permanent societies for the assistance of wounded military men in time of war. The Genevese M. Durant, the author of "Un Souvenir de Solferino," had, as is well known, first proposed such societies and the calling together of a preliminary international conference for this purpose. This meeting is to be held shortly at Geneva. The committee will propose, *inter alia*, that efforts should be made to induce all belligerent powers to secure neutrality to the entire staff of military medical men, including those who volunteer their services; and that further, the government should be bound to do their utmost for the transport and assistance of all medical men engaged with the troops; and, further, to aid the international societies as far as lies in their power. It would be very desirable if the Congress would not be too pedantic with respect to the official recognition of *belligerents*. The Poles, for instance, might, perhaps, be considered worthy of human aid in the frightful massacre going on at this present moment, although they have not been "recognized" as yet.

"THE PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE" (Stimulus Con-

scientiæ), a Northumbrian poem of the fourteenth century, by Richard Rolle de Hampole, copied and edited from manuscripts in the library of the British Museum, with an introduction, notes, and a glossarial index by Richard Morris, has appeared at Asher and Co's in Berlin. This theological poem of Richard Rolle, surnamed the Hermit of Hampole, has never been previously printed, though manuscripts, contemporary with the author, who died in 1349, are not uncommon. Old Lidgate mentions it in his "Bochas," folio 217:—

"In perfect living which passeth poesie,  
Richard Hermite contemplative of sentence  
Drough in Englishe the Pricke of Conscience."

A NEW journal is about to appear in Turin, entitled the "Alps:" a chronicle of these regions in their scientific, economic, and "dramatic" aspects. Its scope will embrace, according to the programme, the zone of Monte dello Schiavo to Bittoray, and of the maritime Alps to the Adriatic—about 1,600 kilometres.

THE first instalment of a "Dictionnaire des Idioms languedociens," by G. Azais, has appeared.

From The Spectator, 21 Nov.

### FREDERICK VII., THE REPUBLICAN KING.

A KING has just departed life of whom it may well be said that his crown was uneasy on his head. The late monarch of Denmark was not born to the throne, and not brought up for the throne, and all his life long he wished nothing better than to descend from the throne which chance had given him, but for which he felt little love. Frederick VII. was born October 6, 1808, twelve months after the bombardment of Copenhagen by the British fleet, at a time when the crown of Denmark did not seem to be worth many years' purchase. His father, too, was but the cousin of the reigning king, who had two daughters, and being only forty years of age, had hopes of still possessing male offspring. Under these circumstances, the prospects of young Prince Frederick appeared to be not particularly brilliant; and his father being a proud though singularly unostentatious man, he was left almost entirely to himself, and permitted to grow up among peasants, sailors, and soldiers, from whom he imbibed strongly democratic tastes. When only four years of age, a great misfortune befell the poor boy. His parents, after several years of unhappiness, were separated by a divorce, which decreed that he should be torn from his affectionate mother and be left under the care of strangers. Among strangers accordingly he grew up, the father being so entirely engrossed by political affairs, in the course of which the crown of Norway was placed on his head for four short months, as almost to forget the existence of his son. A new marriage, which gave Frederick a step-mother, estranged the paternal feelings still more, and the young prince was glad enough when, at the age of sixteen, he was permitted to leave Denmark on travels through Europe, nominally to complete his education, in reality to begin it. He duly made the then customary *tour de l'Europe*, and then settled down for several years at Geneva. Here, in the country of Jean Jacques Rousseau, he imbibed ultra-republican principles, for the reception of which his previous training, or absence of training, had already well fitted him. The splendid dreams of *La Jeune Suisse*, of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of all mankind, took deep root within his mind, and, years after, were reproduced in his last pub-

lic speech. Kingship, his republican friends taught him—as they had taught Alexander of Russia before—was not incompatible with strong democratic leanings; only the king must be the hereditary chief of the lower classes, the ill-used and oppressed “people.” With these ideas Prince Frederick went back to Denmark, at the age of twenty.

Things, meanwhile, had changed at the Danish court in regard to the succession to the throne. The reigning king, now sixty years old, had given up all hopes of having male offspring, and Frederick's father, Prince Christian, cousin of the monarch, had become heir-apparent to the crown. The aged king was exceedingly anxious to marry off his two daughters, the eldest already past thirty; and no suitor coming from abroad, he offered them to the only disposable male relations at home—the one, the young man just returned from Geneva; and the other, his uncle, Prince Ferdinand. The young republican prince would fain have declined the honor of being united to a king's daughter; but a refusal was not permitted to him and by orders of his father and the king he was married, under strong military escort, to his cousin, Princess Wilhelmina, on the 1st of November, 1828. What might have been foreseen occurred immediately after. Frederick took from the first a strong dislike to his wife, who was somewhat his senior in age, which was greatly increased in time by her haughty disposition, utterly foreign to his own habits, acquired at Geneva, as well as his principles and way of thinking. Before long he left his royal spouse altogether, taking refuge at a mansion, distant from the capital, among his old friends and humble companions. He here made the acquaintance, for the first time, of Louise Rasmussen, a sprightly little damsel of sixteen, the daughter of a poor tradesman, but with some education and more grace and mother-wit. Such society was altogether more to his tastes than that of the stiff court of Copenhagen, at which he did not make his appearance for a long time. It was in vain that the irritated king summoned him back to his wife; the delinquent seemed decided to follow his inclinations more than his duty, and at length brought upon himself condign punishment. By a royal decree of September 10, 1837, Prince Frederic was banished to the fortress of Fredericia, in Jutland, where, in the midst of an immense marsh, he had time



to philosophize upon royalty, and democracy, and the advantage of marrying a king's daughter. Old soldier and sailor friends were not allowed on visit to Fredericia, and even little Louise Rasmussen could not find her way to the fortress, but with many tears, on the order of her parents, set out on a journey to Paris, where she became an ornament to the *corps de ballet*. A few days after Frederick's arrival at the place of his banishment, a decree of divorce between him and Princess Wilhelmina was issued at Copenhagen. However, the king's daughter did not remain long a lonely divorced wife, for in less than eight months after, on the 19th May, 1838, she gave her hand to another distant cousin, Prince Charles of Sonderburg-Glücksburg.

The death of the king and the accession of his father to the throne released Prince Frederick from prison at the end of little more than two years, and he was then appointed governor of the Island of Funen. But being inclined to fall again into his old ways of living, his royal father soon after insisted that he should marry once more, and after some negotiations, Princess Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was chosen to be the second wife. In the full bloom of youth, very pretty, and highly accomplished, it was hoped that she would wean Prince Frederick from his low-born companions, and bring him back to court and to a sense of his crown-princely duties. But this the young princess signally failed to do. Frederick, although he acknowledged her to be prettier, thought her as proud as his first wife, and before long absented himself more than ever from the court and his new home. What, probably, greatly contributed to this estrangement was an accidental meeting with an old friend of his youth, Louise Rasmussen. Poor Louise had seen hard times since she left Denmark for France. Though an ornament for some years, of the Paris *corps de ballet*, she was soon shelved on the appearance of greater ornaments, and had to content herself with becoming a member of a wandering troupe of actors, disseminating dramatic art through the little towns of Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia. The speculation, with all its hardships and miseries, proved very unsatisfactory in a pecuniary sense, and Louise Rasmussen was glad to drop off the stage at a destitute Hanoverian village, and to proceed on foot to Hamburg. The wealthy merchant city gave her new

friends, among whom she sojourned for another couple of years, and then returned to Copenhagen. Getting to the dangerous boundary of thirty, Miss Rasmussen now resolved to become steady, and accordingly settled down as milliner and dressmaker, working for the shops and for any procurable private customers. One evening, coming home late from her work, she was arrested—at least, this is the Copenhagen story—by the sight of a fire, and with wonted energy ranged herself among the human chain of assistants whose hands passed the pails of water from the canal to the fire-engine. She had not been there long when she perceived that a gentleman opposite, likewise busy in handing pails, stared very hard at her, as if trying to recognize an acquaintance. She recognized him at once; it was his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, heir to the throne of Denmark. The conflagration being subdued, Prince Frederick gallantly offered his arm to accompany Miss Rasmussen to her humble lodgings, and a few months after, she found herself installed in a pretty little villa on the island of Amager, from which, at the end of a year, she migrated to a larger mansion, with numerous servants about her. Here she had the satisfaction of learning the divorce of Prince Frederick from his second wife, after a union of five years. Princess Caroline returned to Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Louise Rasmussen was declared *favorite entitre*.

King Christian VIII. died on the 20th January, 1848, and the same day his son ascended the throne as Frederick VII. One of his first acts was to elevate Louise Rasmussen to the rank of Baroness Danner, which title was advanced soon after to that of Countess. The matter created some dissent at first among the people; but was judged less severely when it was found that the royal favorite used whatever influence she possessed for the benefit of the nation. Besides, the king loudly declared more than once that he would prefer a thousand times giving up his throne than separation from his friend. The abdication seemed near when the news of the French Revolution arrived at Copenhagen. A large mob, composed of ultra-radicals and members of the Scandinavian party, filled the palace of the king, crying for reform and threatening insurrection. They were disarmed by the solemn response of Frederick VII. that he was perfectly ready

to lay down his crown at the bidding of the people, and either become President of a Danish Republic, or retire altogether from power. This was not what the leaders of the movement wanted, and they, therefore, became quiet again, and accepted with thanks the new constitution granted by the king. The latter, nevertheless, thought seriously of abdicating, and was restrained only by the strong persuasion of Countess Danner. She now became almost his sole adviser, and her influence grew to such an extent that she was able to persuade the king to make her his lawful wife. The mere announcement of the intention created a storm of indignation throughout the country, leading to protests on all parts, and to strong remonstrances from the ministers; nevertheless, Frederick VII. was not to be shaken in his purpose, and on the 7th of August, 1850, he gave his hand, in the church of Fredericksburg, to Louise Rasmussen.

A short while after the king, with his consort, visited the southern provinces of Denmark, and being rather coldly received at one place, his majesty made a very frank speech at a banquet given in his honor. He told the guests that, though a king, he had by no means given up his privileges as a man to marry the woman he loved best, and that, in the place in which he stood, he looked upon his present wife as the only true friend he possessed in the world. The speech, repeated from mouth to mouth, created a profound sensation, and gradually extinguished the ill-feeling against the countess. At a later period she was again censured for giving herself too much the airs of a real queen; but the reproach was deemed venial, in view of what was generally acknowledged—that she

was, indeed, the devoted friend and consort of her royal husband. She alone succeeded in chasing the spirit of profound dejection, which settled upon the king in the later years of his life, under the burden of physical and mental sufferings, as well as political cares. Frederick VII. was thus enabled to become what even his personal enemies do not dispute—the best monarch Denmark has had these hundred years.

With considerable intellectual power, he possessed what in the peculiar circumstances of Denmark was a source of unbounded strength—an honest contempt for the throne. If he could benefit his people, abdication would be simply a relief, and he was able, therefore, to work for Denmark without any considerations of self, and to form those resolutions before which kings usually quail. He was always ready to risk his throne for the independence of his country, always ready to concede any form of constitution his people might demand; and at last stood forward to tell Europe, that if beaten by his gigantic neighbor in the unjust war that neighbor was provoking, he would declare Denmark a republic and leave the thrones to cope with the moral strength of *that* example. There was a strong manliness in the man which his people, amid the unfavorable circumstances of his career, recognized at last, and the crowd who in 1848, howled disgust under his windows, received the news of his death with regret and consternation. His successor, Prince Christian, nominated by the Powers over the heads of his own elder brothers, ascends the throne at a stormy time, and may live to regret the illness which he now probably deems so fortunate for himself.

THERE died, a few days ago, at Geneva, the Russian Privy-Councillor Stephen Woronin, at a very advanced age. This man, one of the first dignitaries of the Russian Empire, was not only well known for his immense charity, but also by the peculiarity that he began life as a serf, and gradually rose to become what he was. His benevolence was proverbial in Russia. He owned fifteen houses in St. Petersburg, which he let to the poor for a nominal rent. In his will he left handsome legacies to Geneva, where he spent the last two months. Among others, he bequeathed

the sum of 80,000 francs to the Russian church of that place.

THE new Nile expedition under Miani is about to be accomplished. The Austrian Government has, it appears, now directed its whole attention to the solution of the old mystery of the *Caput Nili*, which it does not believe completely cleared up by Speke. Not only the ammunition and arms for which Miani has asked, but a considerable amount of money out of the coffers of the State have been promised to the new explorer.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF  
LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells:  
Ply all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall;  
And there was nought of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dewes were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
"For the dewes will soone be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,  
When I begonne to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire it seemeth mee  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene:  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kyndly message free,  
The "Brydes of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne:  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main;  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:  
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away  
With her two bairns I marked her long;  
And ere yon bells beganne to play  
Afar I heard her milking song."  
He looked across the grassy sea,  
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises loud;  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:

The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
The noise of the bells went sweeping by :  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see ;  
And awsome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :  
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
"O come in life, or come in death !  
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Towne drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !  
To manye more than myne and me !  
But each will mourn his own (she saith),  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cush, Cush, Cush !" calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling ;  
I shall never hear her song,  
"Cush, Cush !" all along,  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth ;  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
When the water winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver ;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,  
To the sandy lonesome shore :  
I shall never hear her calling,  
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow ;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow ;  
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow ;  
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift the head ;  
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended ;  
One stitch and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended ;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made ;  
One flake upon another.  
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,  
By their slow but constant motion,  
Have built those pretty islands  
In the distant dark blue ocean ;  
And the noblest undertakings  
Man's wisdom hath conceived  
By oft-repeated efforts  
Have been patiently achieved.

## SONG.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,  
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the  
gate ;

"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one  
lover—

Hush, nightingale, hush ! O sweet nightin-  
gale, wait

Till I listen and hear  
If a step draweth near,  
For my love he is late !

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and  
nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,  
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer ;  
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou  
see ?

Let the star-clusters glow,  
Let the sweet waters flow,  
And cross quickly to me.

You night-moths that hover where honey brims  
over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep ;  
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway dis-  
cover

To him that comes darkling along the rough  
steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
For the time runs to waste,  
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling : and yet, my one  
lover,

I've conned thee an answer ; it waits thee to-  
night."

By the sycamore passed he, and through the  
white clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took  
flight ;

But I'll love him more, more  
Than e'er wife loved before,  
Be the days dark or bright.